THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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A PARABLE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY MRS. ANNA BACHE.

"Where can it be,
That land of Eldorado?"
—*E. A. Poe.*

We toil along Life's pilgrimage
In sunshine or in shadow;
And every heart looks yearningly
Towards its own Eldorado.

Yet, if at last we reach the goal,
When close the prospect viewing,
We find the place we thought so fair,
A *desert* or a *ruin*.

But there is a city, golden bright,
Where none e'er dread the morrow;
There rested are Toil's weary feet,
And dried the tears of Sorrow.

A Crown is placed on every dome,
A Cross on every steeple,
The Palms of Peace shade every street,
And white-robed walk the people.

Before it rolls a river deep,
Fed with the tears of mourning;
Those who embark on that dark flood,
Are never seen returning.

Death rows a ghastly boat across,
Thick clouds around it hover,
But when CHRIST's hand is on the helm,
Safe is the passage over.

Then, Child of Earth, toil bravely on!
There's sun behind Life's shadow—
Who bears the Cross, shall wear the Crown,
In Heaven's *true* ELDORADO.

THE DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. MARGARET HOSMER.

AUTHOR OF "THE MORRISONS," &c.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MURDER.

There was a late train left Marlville, the station north of Stapleton, every evening for New York, and into the waiting-room the driver who had accosted Leonore hurried that same night to consult the time table. After a glance he went back again to the carriage and spoke with a gentleman who sat there holding the sleeping form of Leonore in his arms. His answer provoked and annoyed the one he addressed so much that his own bearing became less respectful and more dogged instantly. "I didn't engage to do miracles, you know," he said angrily. "If she hadn't brought the other one with her, I could have stopped the carriage on the road before she reached Stapleton; but, you see, you calculated too much on her coming alone. Now we must wait the hour out; there's no help for it."

"Not here," said the other; "let us get out of these lights and this noise."

"I'll turn up the short road under the hill yonder. It's dark and quiet, yet we'll be in sound of the bell when it gives warning."

"Well, hurry then; I've nearly emptied this bottle of ether in keeping her quiet in such an infernal noise."

The disturbance he alluded to was from the wagons and carriages that had been in waiting for the up-train which had just passed through. The driver got upon his seat once more, and the gentleman sat back with the heavy sleeper in his supporting arms. The carriage was small and close, and had kept pretty well out of the line of the lights and crowd of stragglers that always surround an expected or departing train. Foremost among them was Crazy Jean, the peddler woman from The Poplars, looking about her eagerly in all directions, till she saw the driver jump from his place and go into the office, and then she slunk out of sight, still keeping the carriage in view however.

When it began to move slowly away she came out of the shelter of a doorway and followed it with great speed, and when at a turn in the road it took an unfrequented path around the foot of the hill, she looked back in vexed expectation, as if waiting for some one who was slow to come. At length, just as the vehicle disappeared among the trees, Barbara, breathless and disordered, came towards her rapidly.

"You're late," said Jean, shortly.

"My courage failed, and I tried to waylay and prevent their meeting; that kept me, and I have ridden by the lower road at a rate that would terrify you to get here in time. Where are they?"

"Down the short path by the hill, waiting till the hour passes."

"Then go home and count your money; it is well earned, Jean, and the work will soon be done." As she said these words she hurried past her and was soon out of view.

After that hour, on that night, a strange thing happened in the neighborhood of Marlville. Given in the words of Richard Connell, an old servant who had travelled abroad with Mr. Raye, it was as follows:

He, Richard, had not been in Mr. Raye's employ latterly for some time. He had left him nearly a year before his marriage and gone to live in the city of New York. He had heard that his late master's wife was a lady of wealth, and supposed they lived together happily, till his master informed him by letter that he wished to re-engage him, as he was about to leave again for Europe, and hinted that domestic differences caused this resolution. He had subsequently understood that a dressing-maid or companion engaged by Mrs. Raye had given rise to some jealousy by receiving attentions of a marked character from Mr. Raye, but only mentioned this as a report.

Mr. Raye had ordered him to drive this young person and himself to the Marlville station on the evening in question, and he had met her on the river road and proceeded by the upper way or short cut to the town. They arrived too late for the early evening train, and so turned into the hill path to wait the intervening time. He believed the young woman was poorly, for he had seen his master support her in his arms, and there was a small bottle with the scent of ether in it found in the bottom of the carriage, but he could not tell anything from observation, for he was occupied in taking care of the horses, that were a little restive. The train was to go at nine, and it might have been about half-past eight, he could not say to the moment, when he felt his master's hand upon his coat, and looking down, saw his body hanging part way out of the carriage window, his head fallen down and apparently in a fit or spasm. He instantly ran to his assistance, and found that he was breathing with great difficulty, apparently in the agonies of death. In great alarm he drew him out of the carriage, and laying him on the roadside endeavored to aid him, but all he could do was useless. Seeing a light a few rods distant he ran to the place, and found it to be one of the out-buildings of a house belonging to one of the principal physicians of the place, who fortunately was at home, and soon joined him. They proceeded to the spot where he had left Mr. Raye and found his body, life being entirely extinct, and then for the first time he remembered the young girl, but the carriage was empty, and no traces of her to be seen. The snow had commenced to fall a half hour before, and was falling so fast just then that any tracks of footsteps were not discoverable, even if they had thought to look far in any direction. It was afterwards discovered that Mr. Raye came to his death through a wound in the lungs bleeding inwardly, and as no report was heard, the shot must have come from an air-gun in the hand of some person unknown.

There was a good deal of excitement occasioned by this tragedy. Everybody in Stapleton had something to say about it, and the supposed companion of Mr. Raye's last journey could no where be found. Indeed she had not been seen anywhere in the town for nearly a fortnight, and it was supposed that she had gone to New York to await him there, until Richard Connell's story of the elopement was heard.

The narrator himself was not a very pure character, and the magistrate did not regard him as above suspicion. But although he was examined again and again, nothing to criminate himself transpired, and he adhered scrupulously to the same story.

At The Poplars the tale was heard like a dream is remembered; the place was full of an excitement of its own. Leonore had been found lying senseless in the snow in a little dell off the river road by Jean and Barbara, who were returning from Stapleton together, where they had gone to see a sick servant from The Poplars. While there, Barbara had gone over to Marlville to find a woman who sold herbs for medicinal use; she had been in haste to get them, and hired a boy to drive her in a gig, though she did not mention returning in the same conveyance. On the way back she did not exactly tell how she encountered Jean, and they were going on together when they saw a party with lights approaching, and at the same moment they heard groans, and tracing the sound had reached that little fall off the road side where Miss Leonore lay, when the lanterns came up and proved to be carried by men sent from The Poplars to search for the young ladies. Miss Bertha was subsequently discovered at the house of a young lady whom she knew, and whither she had gone in despair of being sent for. The half frozen and altogether stunned Leonore could neither speak nor move at first, and by-and-by a strong fever set in and she became altogether delirious. This was why the story of Mr. Raye's tragic death was only heard like an echo there. Leonore's life hung on a thread so slender for many long days that each hour threatened to sever it and set its struggle at rest forever.

CHAPTER XXIV.

UNSHEATHING A KNIFE.

Adah nor Bertha knew nothing of the routine of nursing, and readily gave place to Barbara, who being in authority, excluded all others from even a glimpse of the sick girl's face. Louis was not at The Poplars often now, he was so startled by the news of his friend's violent death, that he devoted himself to tracing out some explanation of the mystery connected with it like one roused to action and interest by a painful shock. He went to New York and engaged the aid of celebrated detectives, and offered a reward for the person of Mrs. Raye's late waiting-maid. The man Richard Connell was detained awhile, but by-and-by the excitement died away; there had been nothing but horror to sustain it, for personally Mr. Raye had gained but few friends at Stapleton, and the story of his poor wife's trials, now beginning to be whispered abroad, made his death appear more like a judgment than a murder. Nothing came of Louis's efforts. Mrs. Raye and her uncle were on their way to New York when the deed was done, and the poor lady soon afterwards died, and the whole story of her unfortunate life closed in the memory of her poor disappointed old uncle, who had given her to the choice of her heart, against his own sense and reason. Like a cloud at sunrise Jean had melted away the morning after they had brought Leonore home out of the snow, the kitchen people, after being up all night flying about in strong excitement with all kinds of needful and needless remedies, turned to indemnify themselves with long accounts of how it all happened, given in Jean's usually dilated manner, but found to their dismay she had disappeared, pack and all. This unsatisfactory proceeding of hers was much commented on—the more so, as Barbara, never communicative at best, had grown more taciturn than ever since her employment as nurse, and according to Mollie, "looked at every one with staring eyes, as if they was ghosts, and she was afeard they would haunt her."

Margery explained it by saying that the housekeeper didn't sleep or eat, which she considered two failures on her part sufficient to account for any peculiarity in the world. But Barbara's care was successful, which seemed to be all she asked. Dr. Wilson told Mrs. Wallace, whom he met in the drawing-room one morning after his usual visit, that Miss Raye was quite sure to recover, in fact she was almost well, and, he added, that anything like the devotion of that woman in charge he had never witnessed.

"Who is she?" he asked.

Mrs. Wallace only knew her as Barbara the housekeeper, she said. Miss Bessard used to place great trust and confidence in her, and poor Miss Copeland regarded her highly too. It was well, the kind lady said, that such young creatures had so reliable a person in their household.

"Yes," Dr. Wilson replied. "Certainly, to be sure—" but Mrs. Wallace, who though not generally observant, was always keenly alive where her own particular interests were at stake, hastened to ask,

"If he really did think so, or had he seen reason to—to—" Mrs. Wallace could not quite find the word she meant, she paused and hesitated.

"I don't follow you," said the doctor. "Do you ask me if I think this woman is a friend to the twin sisters? I do not—she thinks of no one but Miss Raye, and has made my patient an object so absorbing, that I doubt her having any feeling left of a tender kind."

This was all the doctor said, and all Mrs. Wallace had to found an objection upon, which she presently began to entertain towards the discreet and quiet housekeeper.

Adah had begun to feel as responsible and self-sustained as any one can whose vacillation and dependence only take another form; she had transferred her hold from Leonore to Mrs. Wallace, and felt that she was standing alone, and in her own strength; being one of those whose love is a sort of usage, she had changed her habit and dispensed with much of the affection she thought she used to feel.

Bertha had not yet caught another support to twine about, but Leonore was removed from her, and she stood swaying one way and another, and missed her one moment, and felt a yearning for something newer and pleasanter the next.

Mrs. Wallace seized the hour of uncertainty, and began to train the loose tendrils round her own will.

Sickness was painful and entirely objectionable to both girls; Barbara was particularly overcoming to Bertha, so she saved herself from encountering either by keeping away from Leonore's room. They sent every day, sometimes in faint fits of remorse so very often, that Barbara would forbid further communication, and then Bertha would cry and fret and say to Adah,

"We don't seem to have anything *our* way, somebody else can always scold us and bother us. Oh, dear, it seems as if Leonore ought to be ashamed of her determination to walk from Stapleton by this time."

"Mrs. Wallace says it was only another instance of her erratic style, and you know Olivia used not to like it." Adah said this, as she always gave expression to her new views now-a-days, choosing for them the double patronage of Mrs. Wallace's judgment and her sister's memory.

But Leonore, despite the disaffection going on in the little family, improved hourly, and soon became well enough to appear in the sitting-room once more.

It happened to be the evening of Louis's return from New York, where he had been staying for some weeks, tracing the faint illusive threads of evidence that seemed to lead to an explanation of Mr. Raye's death, but which had at the last moment faded into nothing, and left him where he had begun, with Richard Connell's story uncontradicted and still incomplete.

Mrs. Wallace had come over to herald her son's arrival, and suggest a becoming toilet that it did not always occur to Adah to make.

She found the drawing-room empty, and learning from the servant that the young ladies were in the sitting-room with Miss Raye, begged to be allowed to see them there.

Barbara had just brought her charge out on exhibition. Yes, that seemed the word, for the two girls were hovering over her in childish admiration. Leonore's beauty was essential; every curve and line of her face and figure were faultlessly lovely; it was the variety of her expression that changed her in the eyes of beholders, and made her seem beautiful or the reverse. Now she was herself, a trifle wasted by fever, which added a rare transparency to her delicate coloring, but so perfectly passive and purely and peacefully still, that she seemed to represent a figure of unshadowed rest. Her nurse was a cunning tire woman, and had arrayed her in exquisite robes of white, soft, fleecy, shining white, with delicate lace and dainty frills in graceful profusion; and there she lay in her crimson chair, with that soft shadow brooding over her lustrous eyes and a dawning light upon her slightly parted lips.

"You must not talk to her much, please, Miss Adah," said Barbara; "she may lie and listen, but she is very weak yet, and you must not expect her to speak."

"Oh, how lovely she looks," cried Bertha, her enthusiasm returning, now that its object was there once more to claim it. "I was afraid we should never see you here again, it is such a dreary kind of house, you know, and one cannot tell what is going to happen next in it."

"My dear Adah, Louis will be here presently," interposed Mrs. Wallace. "I know his impatience to see you, and came over without ceremony, you see, to announce ourselves as guests for the evening."

Adah, who had taken her place at Leonore's side, with one hand in hers, while Bertha fluttered around, touching the beautifully arranged hair of the invalid, looked up, as if for the instant she had forgotten all about Mr. Wallace.

"Certainly," she said, coming back to her hostess's duties, "I shall be most happy. We have promised Leonore to sit with her till Barbara drives us away; and then he can see you too, Leonore. You don't know how beautiful you look, does she, Bertha?"

Leonore made a hasty motion of dissent, but Barbara strove to check it—neither were noticed, for the servant's voice at the door announced Mr. Wallace. Bertha and Adah cried together, "show him in here," while Mrs. Wallace's cough of objection and Leonore's startled—"No, no," passed unregarded.

He came—and his first glance flew to the face he had not seen for so long. His mother's heart sank within her as she noted the eager, enchanted gaze, and the delighted girls chorused together,

"Does she not look lovely? we knew you'd be pleased to see her."

Barbara stood in the background; she never before lingered in the presence of guests; now she made a feint of arranging Leonore's cushions that she might do so. Her eyes, keen as a hawk's, took in every change in Louis's face, and watched the reflection in Leonore's. His mother's hopes, his faith to the dead, his own will and reason all seemed to go from him as he looked; he drew near and spoke, and his voice seemed to catch a new tone in naming her. She was very weak still, and answered him faintly, but her face brightened as she listened to his words. Like moths fluttering round a light, the twin sisters came closer, and their fair expressionless beauty seemed tame and tasteless in contrast; they hung about her with their insipid fondness, and he half shuddered as he compared them. It was a time of rejoicing, for Leonore had come back from the verge of the grave, so no one spoke of sorrow. Their laughter sounded lightly through the hitherto hushed rooms. Their spirits unbent from a frozen weight, and gayety came back like a welcome guest; a faint shade of fear or remorse had stolen like a shadow over Leonore's eyes when she first raised them to Louis's face; it vanished now, and with it went the traces of illness, sorrow, or any future dread; the present seemed to hold all of life she asked, and she took the lover's cup of joy without a question and drained it with delight. It gave her strength, and made her radiant with the light of joy. She laughed, and her voice was irresistible music that conquered all who listened; it was in vain to question her power. Mrs. Wallace, with all her prejudices, yielded for the moment, and with a faint consciousness of injuring her own cause still left free from the fascination that enveloped her judgment, smiled and listened while the hours flew away—the happiest hours that had dawned for many a day on the old Poplars.

Why did Barbara slip away, and stealing out on the veranda, peep in among the rich curtains, partly drawn from the window, to catch another glimpse of that beaming face in the great crimson chair? No one could tell, nor could they surmise what errand took her creeping and winding up the great stairway to the state chamber, where Adah and Bertha had been sleeping since Leonore's illness. She started at the least sound in her upward way, and when she reached the door, seemed lacking in the strength to open it. A strong purpose came to nerve her, for her hesitation lived but a moment, and she went steadily in. There were lights there, but the room was vast and full of shadows—among which she stole like a dark and guilty thing. The great ebony cabinet at the other end of the room, had a branch light burning near it, and the falling door lay open. The curious odor so strangely familiar met her sense as she drew near, and guided by it she touched each tiny compartment to find an answering spring. Each one disappointed her, and her fingers trembled and failed like things over which her power was uncertain. She was fixed on some purpose, and eager and ardent to fulfil it, but her nerves trembled and betrayed her, and she shook in every outward fibre though her inward purpose was fixed and deadly. An evil spirit aided her; a slide she had touched a score of times and found immovable, suddenly gave way and disclosed a deep, silver saucer, lined with porcelain, and three tiny vials wrapped in fine leather. Her hands clutched these with convulsive eagerness, and she laughed—it was a sound of horror even in her own ears—she looked about her swiftly to see that no living thing was near, then replaced the slide and ranged the little bottles in order, with a fine sponge and a pair of scissors to cut the fastening close beside them. She looked at them thus spread out and thought, "Can I trust them; will they serve my purpose?"

CHAPTER XXV.

Mrs. Grover, of Brookside, and her two daughters, had been visiting for a fortnight in a neighboring city, and had returned, bringing with them some gay company, for whose benefit they had arranged an evening entertainment of a musical character, when suddenly their morning preparations for a grand quartette, in which so much sound formed an essential part that the melody was almost smothered, came to a close by the screaming and breathless intelligence of their maid Jenet, that "The two young ladies at 'The Poplars' was a dying most awful—and the house was full of doctors; and Mr. Louis was raving mad out of his senses with sorrow and grief."

Such terrible news stopped the four performers on the two pianos, and made Miss Jennie and Miss Phebe turn very white with the shock of the announcement.

Their mother, not less disturbed, hastily dispatched a messenger to find out the truth of the story; and meantime consulted hastily about the propriety of deferring the party.

"We have been very friendly with the unfortunate people at The Poplars," she said, "and it will seem like heartlessness on our parts under these terrible circumstances to think of enjoying ourselves."

So Phebe began to write notes, and Jennie ran back and forward from the hall door to the drawing-room, to try and bring news of the returning messenger. He came at length, with very ill tidings. Adah Copeland had expired that morning in a state of stupor, like one struck with paralysis; but her sister, though similarly affected, had rallied from her insensibility for a time, and they had some hope of saving her till a few moments before the messenger's arrival, when she had died in a short but powerful convulsion. Mr. Wallace and his mother were there; and they had sent for the Darwoods and Wetheringtons in their fright; the house was filled with doctors, and no clue had yet been discovered as to the cause of their terrible death.

Instead of the musical party, a frightened gathering met at Mrs. Grover's to discuss the fearful visitation in all its bearings, and exchange opinions on a subject about which no one could form a reasonable conjecture. While they were in a perfect maze of ejaculations, and groans, and head shakings, Mrs. Darwood arrived—and almost fresh from

the scene of distress, was surrounded and overwhelmed with questions and entreaties.

She was looking pale, and her natural gayety was greatly affected by the experience of the morning; usually a vivacious talker, she seemed to find it difficult to utter a word about the terrible sight she had witnessed, and shuddered as she recalled it.

"I believe the house is accursed," she said, in a low, frightened voice. "There they lay in that room where they found Miss Bernard and Olivia—one of them struck like a figure of stone, and the other writhing in the most horrible way till death came to her relief. Oh, it was fearful."

"Was Louis there?" asked Jennie, braver with strong though painful interest in the scene.

"No, not till it was too late. No one knew it till the housekeeper went for orders; and oh, you should have seen the poor creature—it was a terrible shock to her, for she seems as if she should never recover from it."

"What *do* the doctors say?" exclaimed Phebe, impatiently. "I believe they're all poisoned. What is the use of being a doctor, when they can't tell these things for certain."

"They can tell it, if it is to be told," said her mother; "there was more than one suspected something of the kind in Olivia's case, and they made an examination to be certain. There wasn't a trace of it; how could there be?"

"It's horribly mysterious," cried one of the young ladies from the city, discovering some symptoms of alarm.

"I think it will be explained," said Mrs. Darwood. Doctor Wilson has sent for an eminent analytical chemist from New York. They have made some discovery about the air of the room, and the register draughts. I don't understand it, but I believe they think it possible that something in the way of gas of a deadly nature is formed there in some manner; it is very confusing, but I presume it may be made clear."

"Olivia died in summer when there were no fires," said one of the Wetheringtons.

"Oh, pray tell us about Miss Raye, Mrs. Darwood. Did you see her, and what did she say?" asked Jennie.

"I did not see her; no one sees her. The horror and excitement of the scene, to which Barbara's cries attracted the whole household, have quite overcome her. Barbara told me she was too ill to be seen."

"That is strange," said Mrs. Wetherington. "She was the first to meet me, and I never saw any one calmer or more self-controlled under such circumstances. There could be no remedy that she did not suggest and try; and long after the physicians abandoned hope, she clung to the vain effort of saving them."

"That must have been before I arrived. It was all passed when I got there."

"Dr. Wilson carried her forcibly from the room, being convinced that she would materially injure herself in her aimless ardor. Barbara, that invaluable woman of theirs, took charge of her, and Mr. Bond was telegraphed for at once."

"Nobody tells us of Louis. I do not believe his heart is broken this time, for the last arrangement was his mother's work entirely, though I think he appeared to greater advantage with poor Adah than with her more dignified sister. He had the air of a protector, a considerate friend, or something of that sort, that improved him greatly and took away the affectation of langor he used to assume with Olivia."

"Jennie," said her mother, reprovingly, "it is scarcely a time to discuss Mr. Wallace's style as a lover."

"Just think of it," said Phebe, thoughtfully, "the whole grand property and immense fortune belong to little Miss Raye now. Oh, dear me, what a wondrous heiress!"

Each looked at the other.

"She is certainly the only gainer by these mysterious deaths," remarked Mrs. Wetherington.

"She is a most mysterious sort of person altogether," echoed her daughter.

"One that no one knows anything whatever about. Poor Olivia used to distrust her, as you could readily see by her manner," said Mrs. Grover. "I never could feel at ease with her."

"She is placed in a strange position; "whether by chance or—or something else, remains to be determined," said Mrs. Darwood.

And this was the first gathering of the cloud of suspicion and distrust that amid all the horror reigning in the desolate Poplars began to grow and increase till it shut out heaven itself from Leonore Raye.

Mr. Bond arrived there in breathless haste, and his very first inquiry had been for Leonore

"She was in her own apartment," the servant answered; and he added that Dr. Wilson had said she must not be disturbed, she was ill with fright and trouble.

Mr. Bond was not to be refused, however; he would see the gentlemen in the drawing-room presently, he said; but his first business was with Miss Raye, and the man must instantly announce him.

He walked towards the door of the sitting-room, which he knew to be her favorite apartment; the man, having no alternative, knocked to announce him, and he followed his name instantly into her presence. She was walking the floor in great disorder, but stood still when she saw him, and looked at him in blank amazement.

"You are surprised to see me, Miss Raye," he said, coolly. "Yet nothing could be more natural than that I should be here, under the circumstances. I am going to insist on a closer examination into this matter. I shall never rest till this mystery is explained and this crime confessed. Yes, I believe there is crime here, Miss Raye, and I solemnly protest against its being smoothed over. These unfortunate ladies died by poison!" She had stood perfectly still in the attitude in which he arrested her by his sudden appearance. Now she raised her hands, as if to shut out a horrid picture he had placed before her, and uttered a cry of terror, but did not speak one word. Her looks and manner seemed to confirm him in his purpose. "You are the one on whom to call for assistance in this matter, and I beg that you will nerve yourself to aid me in collecting a clear statement of all the facts connected with this terrible affair. There will be some gentlemen here presently whose business it is to ferret out cases like this."

"I do not understand you," she said, feebly. "Is there, can there be any hope? Are these persons physicians? Oh, what am I speaking of! It is impossible that anything can be done, for I saw death, frightful death in both their faces."

"You are trying to confuse yourself. My efforts deal with the crime that caused the terrible end, and if I am able to bring the criminal to justice I shall be content."

"Oh, no one did it; you have been misled. There was no trace of violence, no one had entered the room, for why should any one wish to injure two innocent, loving girls? It was no robber—nothing was disturbed."

"You are sole heiress here now," said Mr. Bond, slowly.

"What!" said Leonore, as if not understanding his words. "I sole heiress and mistress here! I never thought of that, yet it is true, and I am so glad." Her face changed like magic to a flush of pride and pleasure. "Who would have thought it possible that I should be mistress, free and uncontrolled, of my own fortunes!" Her strange delight lasted but an instant; the next, a full sense of how her power was gained swept over her like a great wave and almost crushed her heart. "Oh, God forgive me the second's thought of pride," she cried convulsively. "It is a horrible price, a horrible price."

The lawyer looked at her as a cunning actress. "You will meet the gentlemen I spoke of in the library in a few minutes," he said, and bowing coldly went out.

Then began a re-examination of everything and every body, and the frightened servants huddled together in the lower hall, talking over the strange doings above, and saying that the house was in the possession of the detectives. Barbara was the chief witness before the gentlemen in the library, who convened a sort of court there, and entered into the subject of sifting and weighing every circumstance connected with the sudden death of the twin sisters, with a cool determination to elicit the tiniest spark of light on the gloomy story that allowed no syllable to escape them.

Barbara was a good woman, a true, reliable family servant, whose devotion and love were too well known in connection with the family to need comment, Mr. Bond said, and he introduced her to the grave party assembled, begging them to pay particular attention to her account of how she had found the poor young ladies on going to ask for orders, which the presence of company the night before had prevented her from receiving.

The good servant was a little ghastly and nervous from the great shock she had received. At first she could scarcely find voice to answer, but making a visible effort at self-control, she tried to keep her attention fixed on the subject before her, and answer calmly the questions propounded. She had gone to the young ladies' room earlier than usual for the reason explained, and finding her knock unheeded, opened the door, which was but partly closed, and found them in the dresses they had worn the night before, lying in a state of deathly insensibility, where each had seemed to have thrown herself to rest. Adah lay in a great chair before her dressing-table, and Bertha had apparently fallen over while leaning against the arm of a sofa, and lay with her face downwards. Barbara's alarm had at first paralyzed her; she could not move or speak, but recovering presently, she rang the bell violently for help, which came too late, as the gentlemen knew.

Was Miss Raye present? No; but Mr. Bond would have her sent for. At the mention of Leonore's name, Barbara started up again, her lips trembled and she grew paler than she had been at first, if that were possible. Would the gentlemen please to excuse her? She begged and prayed that Miss Leonore might not be disturbed, the young lady had been ill, very ill, and was only now recovering, she could tell nothing more than was already known; and the poor woman clasped her hands entreatingly and seemed in a perfect fever of agony about her young mistress. But Mr. Bond was inexorable. Miss Raye must be sent for, and she came. The room was filled with people, nearly all of them strangers, grave faced men with attentive eyes that took in every thing around them. While they waited for the young lady, now sole mistress of The Poplars, they looked up at the carved and gilded ceiling overhead, at the walls with their great oaken cases, at the groups of solemn, interested people, and then at the opening door where Mr. Louis Wallace, bringing in the white and startled little creature, appeared on the threshold. Barbara shrunk back into the recess near the great wide hearth, but her eyes were fixed on her young mistress with a look that expressed love and entreaty.

Mr. Bond was the first to speak. "You will please to repeat to these gentlemen how and where you parted from these unhappy ladies the night before their death," he said, and his voice expressed so much that was objectionable to Mr. Wallace that that gentleman instantly interfered.

"Miss Raye has been ill, and is still quite unable to bear any unnecessary shock, Mr. Bond; you will therefore let her tell what she knows to the coroner as quietly as possible, since that gentleman considers her attendance here important to his conclusion."

Leonore seemed to gather strength at his words.

Mr. Bond persisted.

"I am sorry to insist, but she was the last to speak with Miss Adah Copeland, and her evidence is necessary."

The coroner asked, and his voice was full of respect and sympathy,

"Can you not tell us in what particular mood you parted from your friends. We have the housekeeper's testimony to prove that they were well and unusually gay."

"Yes, that is true; and they talked about going abroad next year—" she said this hesitatingly, and with an effort of memory.

"Mrs. Wallace said that she saw Miss Adah return to you, after she had once bade you good night and while her sister yet stood in the hall beside her."

"She did come back—I remember now, so does Barbara. She did come back, and she asked what she should do to smooth her face, and cure the chapped irritation about her lips."

Mr. Bond gave an impatient exclamation checked in the utterance.

"This was the last thing mentioned between you?" said the coroner.

"The very last. Barbara was displeased at my delaying; I had been ill, and she thought I was sitting up too late."

Mr. Bond suggested questions to the coroner; and Leonore was asked everything, however remotely revelant to the last evening together—but though she was questioned carefully, and answered unhesitatingly, the examination closed with no other light thrown on the story than Mrs. and Mr. Wallace's statement had already given. There was nothing to be discovered it seemed; it was perfectly plain and clear, that the young ladies had gone to bed in perfect health and spirits; and that when next discovered, they were writhing in dying agonies, past giving any account of the mysterious change that had befallen them.

The lawyer evinced a determined frenzy in the matter of eliciting facts relative to the sad affair, and went about watching and making notes in a very noticeable manner. His chief aid and reliance seemed to come from Barbara, and he regarded Miss Raye and Mr. Wallace with a cold watchfulness that was very like suspicion. The medical men held consultation after consultation, without giving publicity to their conclusions: but Doctor Wilson assured Mrs. Wallace that they could detect no other traces of disease than those shown in the postmortem examination of the elder Miss Copeland, and that there was nothing like poison in either case.

What a wretched time it was that intervened between the fearfully sudden deaths of the twin sisters, and their solemn burial in all the state and grandeur belonging to their fortunes. The house was filled with people, coming and going; and curiosity, combined with horror, kept up a dreadful kind of interest in the great chamber above stairs, where science strove to solve the problem of death with the pitiless steel of dissection.

By-and-by it was all over—the changing forms where mortality began to assert its sway and seal them as its own with the dark sign of corruption, were hidden and put away in their magnificent caskets, shut and screened from the light of day forever more.

A great gathering of persons from all parts of the county filled the house and dotted the grounds; and the cottagers around collected in the road to watch the splendid hearses, with their silver plumes, wind upwards to the great hall entrance.

The two closed coffins were brought into the great drawing-room; and the clergyman, in his gown and bands, rose and lifted up his hands, invoking all to prayer. Before they answered the call by rising together, the one solitary mourner entered, trembling, and sank upon her knees beside the two long, black coffins, standing side by side in the centre of the room. Every eye rested on her in her prostrate loneliness, and every mind was busy with her story:

"She is sole mistress now; and the richest heiress in the state. No one knows why she should have inherited a penny; they were the lawful heirs, and she came from no one knows where, and may have done no one knows what."

She seemed unconscious of the presence of any one, and had eyes only for the dead. When they lifted them up, she rose mechanically to follow, and when Louis drew her arm through his, she scarcely seemed aware of the action. But she was watched by other eyes than the cold questioning gaze of strangers. Barbara, in her new black dress, stood in the household group, with motionless face and mein, but lost not a single turn or flutter of the black robe that swept the floor as the little mourner moved on.

When Louis drew her to his side, the housekeeper gave a quick, sharp sigh, that made the maids beside her turn to see whence the sound came—but the cunning woman let the emotion that gave rise to it sink deep beneath the surface of expression in her soul.

"It will be as I wish," she said, "so let the worst befall me when it will."

Mrs. Wallace hung back a moment; she had been coming constantly to The Poplars, and had done all a sensible woman could to maintain order and system there under the exciting circumstances connected with the death of the sisters. She considered her efforts due to the connection subsisting between them; but she never, for a moment, dreamed of taking Miss Raye under her guardianship and care. She always distrusted the girl, and now her prejudice extended to absolute fear; and she shrunk from the mere contact with her robe as she moved past. And yet here was Louis almost asserting himself as her lover at the very grave of the girl he was to have made his wife. Mrs. Wallace turned cold with distress and misery. She would not go to the funeral; she was overcome with her feelings about the poor darlings; she would remain with Barbara, and Louis would drive her home on his return.

So she stayed in the drawing-room, and watched the cortege sweep down the road, feeling most uncomfortably conscious that the first carriage contained her son and Leonore Raye. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

A New Fashion.

The fashions change suddenly. The *chignon*, says an English cotemporary, which was rampant and growing bigger and bigger every day, a week or two ago, has suddenly disappeared, and a flat roll of twisted hair, not unlike a certain kind of cake which we see in bakers' shop windows, has taken its place. The cake is worn on the top of the head, much as a charity boy wears his muffin cap. The new fashion for the evening is a cataract of hair flowing down the back, the color having changed from red to pale yellow. With yellow hair the eyebrows are worn black, and they are considerably broader than they were. They used to be delicately pencilled; they are now laid on boldly with a brush.

☞ Stacy B. Conover, of Marlborough, N. J., last week sold 62½ bushels of early rose potatoes (a new variety) for the enormous sum of five thousand dollars. They were purchased by parties in New York city, to be retailed for seed.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1868.

NOTICE.—Correspondents should always keep copies of any manuscripts they may send to us, in order to avoid the possibility of loss; as we cannot be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

The Death Shadow of The Poplars.

We can supply back numbers of THE POST to Jan. 4th, containing the whole of this interesting story.

DISTANCE OF THE STARS.

Our readers know that it is said by astronomers, that the light from Sirius, one of the nearest of the fixed stars, is upwards of *three years* in reaching the earth, travelling as light does at the rate of twelve millions of miles a minute.

It is further said that there doubtless are stars so remote that their light has not had time to reach the earth since the period of its creation.

How is it then, says a writer in an English periodical, "that we do not see some new star or stars whose light has been travelling towards us for centuries, and has just arrived at the earth?"

One answer, he says, was given him by a "great living authority" whom he addressed on the subject, as follows:—

"I do not entirely appreciate your difficulty. Suppose (not as an accurate supposition, but as one which will coarsely resemble truth) that stars generally are bodies of nearly the same dimensions and specific brightness. Those which are nearest to us have the appearance of first magnitude, those up to some other distance are of second magnitude, and so on to the smallest that we can see with a telescope, say fifteenth magnitude. All beyond this fifteenth magnitude, whether their existence has been long or short, we are unable to see as stars. Now it is probable that the light from all stars of the fifteenth magnitude, and even very much further, has reached us long ago, but it is not seen by us in the shape of images of stars, but as generally diffused sky-light. And all the fresh stars whose light has reached us successively since that time, would not appear as stars, but would make the sky a little brighter."

The above would seem to be a reasonable solution of the difficulty. We are no astronomer, but another view also occurs to us. The stars *may* have been created millions of years before the creation of man. Of course their rays would have had all this immense period of time to reach that point in the universe where we are located—so that stars a million of years off, if we may be allowed the expression, could have been seen at once by the first man and woman.

CURIOUS QUESTIONS.

Who can wonder that a person residing in a place with such a funny name as *Oshkosh* (Wisconsin,) should develope into a habit of asking funny questions? Here is what a correspondent in that town puts to us. We would inform all doubters that it is a real letter just received:—

Mr. EDITOR—If the Planet Jupiter should come so close to this Earth, that the Earth was drawn to and carried away by it, would the United States want to buy Jupiter? and if they did, would they tax the Bonds to raise the money? A. PUDOUN.

P. S. I have a $100 Bond, and feel interested.

Of course we can only give our opinions upon such abstruse questions; but such as they are, our Western correspondent is welcome to them.

In the first place, we consider it high-treason to this planet, to suppose that in such a case as a collision with Jupiter, Jupiter would be able to carry us away with him. The Earth would, on the other hand, undoubtedly "annex" Jupiter.

As to buying Jupiter, Secretary Seward, if still alive, would certainly propose to purchase that planet.

We do not think, however, that the Government would "tax" the Bonds. It would simply issue new Bonds, make them payable in greenbacks, which also would be made "retirable" in new Bonds also payable in greenbacks "retirable" in new-bonds and these also redeemable in greenbacks, until the whole debt was thus cancelled.

N. P. WILLIS.

Our friends the Spiritualists, as we learn from "The Banner of Light," have been in communication with the spirit of N. P. Willis, and have obtained answers to a number of questions addressed to him, as follows:—

1. Are you happy?

I am as much so as any one of my sphere.

2. Have you seen your first wife there?

I have met the darling one, and our cherub child; their spheres are in advance of mine, yet they come to me often. Meeting the dear little one was indeed a surprise—a happy one, too.

3. Has the child by your first wife, which died at birth, an existence there?

Yes, yes, yes; the darling lives, and now (a stature indicates (I am not certain that I read correctly the two last words) what it would have been had it tarried on earth until the present time.

4. Have you seen Lady Blessington, Mrs. Hemans, or Count D'Orsay?

Yes, yes, I have; I met her and Mrs. Hemans, Hannah More and Hannah Adams not long since, and passed a pleasant hour (as you measure time) with them. The Count I am with nearly all the time. Noble souled fellow indeed is he.

5. Have you seen the lately deceased author of the Irish lament, viz.: "I am sitting on the stile, Mary," formerly Mrs. Blacknod?

I have not met Mrs. B——, although Lady Blessington informed me she had several times.

6. Do you give any attention to the Muses now? and if so, can you not control Lizzie Doten and give to the world a real *Willis* poem through her organism?

I do, I do; and will that dear lady, Miss Doten, but place herself receptive to my influence, I will, with the assistance of my friend E. A. Poe, control her to the people's delight.

7. Does that life seem to you to be the *real, substantial life*, as *this* does to us?

You have rightly expressed it. This is the substance of that life—the essence of it. If I am allowed the expression, that life is preparatory to this. Without that this life never would have existed; this is the result of that.

8. Is it desirable that we should know all we can of the nature of the next life while here?

Yes, yes; you cannot know too much of that which awaits you in the life beyond. "Seek and ye shall find."

9. Does the name and fame which you earned here avail you any good where you are?

Not a whit. I am known here for just what I am worth, and no more—I mean morally and spiritually.

10. Is that world beautiful past description? Is it a substantial truth that all life is exempt from death? that the horse and dog still live on some higher plane of existence?

Indeed it is, past any description of spirits, or even mortals to imagine. All that ever had life, either in the animal or vegetable creation, will live on eternally—nothing lost. Yes, you will see your horse and dog; yes, those pet canaries I had here.

Oh, my Idlewild home! and yet I have one more beautiful here.

Mr. Willis further states, *according to this authority*, that he "ever, while on earth, followed the highest light within him, radical as he might have been on many points, yet he never has regretted his course of life."

Funny world this, and funny people in it—whatever the next may be.

A SPLENDID ESTABLISHMENT.—The new Jewelry establishment of Messrs. J. E. Caldwell & Co., 902 Chestnut street, is said to be superior to the finest stores of the kind in England, France and Germany. Mr. Caldwell has been one of our successful men, and he deserves his success, for it is the fruit of good judgment, industry, courtesy, and knowledge of his business.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

SOONER OR LATER. By SHIRLEY BROOKS, author of "The Silver Cord," "The Gordian Knot," &c. Illustrated. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, 819 and 821 Market street, Phila.

MY HUSBAND'S CRIME. By M. R. HOUSEKEEPER. Illustrated. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Phila.

THREE LITTLE SPADES. By the author of "Dollars and Cents," "Casper," &c. Published by Harper & Bros., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Phila.

HUNTED DOWN; AND OTHER REPRINTED PIECES. By CHARLES DICKENS. People's edition. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Phila.

IMPORTANT TO BOND HOLDERS. By GEORGE W. HEWES. This is a new plan to pay the National Debt, by the government's going into the mining of the precious metals. Better go into the manufacture of whiskey. Printed by H. B. Ashmead, Phila.

PEN PHOTOGRAPHS OF CHAS. DICKENS'S READINGS. By KATE FIELD. Published by Loring, Boston.

Civility is a Fortune.

Civility is a fortune itself, for a courteous man always succeeds well in life, and that when persons of ability sometimes fail. The famous Duke of Marlborough is a case in point. It was said of him by one contemporary, that his agreeable manners often converted an enemy into a friend; and by another, that it was more pleasing to be denied a favor by his grace, than to receive one from any other man. The gracious manner of Charles James Fox preserved him from dislike, even at a time when he was, politically, the most unpopular man in the kingdom. The world's history is full of such examples of success obtained by civility. The experience of every man furnishes, if we recall the past, frequent instances where conciliatory manners have made the fortunes of physicians, lawyers, divines, politicians, merchants, and, indeed, individuals of all pursuits. To men, civility is what beauty is to women—it is a general passport to favor—a letter of introduction, written in language that every one understands.

☞ The past winter has been one of the severest ever known, both in this and other countries. In Algiers, the suffering has been very great. In Russia, as we learn from a letter in a Paris paper, the cold has been intense. Terrific storms have added to the severities of the season in Great Britain. In this country, the continued severity of the weather, and the great amount of snow that has fallen, have been almost without a parallel.

☞ The Richmond correspondent of the New York Times mentions, as a sign of progress in Virginia, that a colored member of the Convention recently sent one of the pages to one of the leading white members for a "chaw of tobakker," which was courteously sent in the form of a ten cent plug. Black gentleman bit off a big quid and sent the remainder back. This is a touching evidence of returning harmony between the races.

☞ There is a class of "Perfectionists" in Oneida county, N. Y., who believe that physical maladies can be cured by the simple exercise of the patient's will. One of them says: "I have known nausea and bowel difficulties to be restrained by the will; and I have recently put an end to some symptoms of catarrh by resolutely refusing to indulge them."

☞ Leonie, Countess of Luxembourg, has just died in Paris, at an advanced age. In the flower of her youth she was called "the most beautiful woman of the first empire." She was a particular favorite of Napoleon I., and the woman of whom the Emperor wrote to Fouche, "She is fitted only for expense and display." Her son, Count Leon, is, with the exception of Count Walewski, the only known living child of the great Napoleon. Artists have often besought him to become a model for the foremost figure of their battle pieces, on account of his striking resemblance to his father. Napoleon III. accorded his mother a pension in her old age.

☞ Salt is that one thing that nearly all mankind agree in thinking good; necessary for man, for cattle, for all. In England it is said that a large ox needs six ounces a day, a milch cow four and a sheep two. One half the ashes of human blood is salt.

The Tale of a Traveller.

BY JOHN QUILL.

"You see," said my great-grandfather, who had gathered a crowd of his friends around him at the grocery store in Darby, one evening; "you see I was once a sailor before the mast, on a small vessel, which was cruising about in the South Atlantic Ocean.

She was a very small vessel, and so frail that I was afraid most all the time that she would go to pieces with all on board, but she didn't. It happened one day that I was sent aloft to nail a block of some kind on to the top of the mainmast, and as we had no hatchet, I took an axe. I hit the mast three or four pretty stiff knocks, when all of a sudden I thought I felt her go down with a jerk. But she looked all right, and I thought it couldn't possibly be. So I came down and said nothing about it.

Three or four days afterwards the mate says to the captain:

"Cap., it's queer we don't sight land by this time."

"Very queer," says the captain.

"And what's funny about it is that for several days past my instruments have made us out to be in precisely the same latitude and longitude."

"Maybe something's the matter with the sun."

"Or perhaps the parallels of latitude have shifted."

"Or maybe you've made a mistake in your figures."

"I didn't think of that," says the mate.

So they took another observation, and found that they were in precisely the same old place. Everybody was frightened, and it was not until after a close examination that it was at last ascertained that I had actually driven that mainmast through the bottom of the ship into the mud, where it had stuck fast, and there that old tub had been spinning round and round, like a weather-cock on a pole, all this time, without anybody knowing it.

To say that the captain was mad, don't describe his condition. He roared around so about it that I got scared, and hid myself in an old cask in the hold. There I laid all day, when it was decided to heave part of the cargo overboard so as to lighten ship, and the cask I was in was headed up, and me afraid to budge, and the whole concern heaved into the water.

I was in that barrel about four days. It was a little crowded, to be sure, and it would roll some, but on the whole I was comfortable. One day I felt myself tossed on shore, and then I was so certain of saving my life, that I just turned over and took a first-class nap.

I was waked by something tickling my face. At first I thought it was a mosquito, but then I remembered that no mosquito could possibly have got into that barrel anyhow. I brushed at it again, and caught it. It was a straw. I gave it a jerk. Something knocked against the barrel outside, and I heard the word—

"*Tuyfel!*"

Then another straw was inserted, and I pulled that harder yet. Something struck the barrel again, and I heard this exclamation:

"Der Tuyfel!"

Then another straw was put in, and I caught hold of it, and saw that it came through the bung-hole, and there was a man outside trying to suck something or other through that straw, and every time I gave her a jerk it jammed his old nose flat against the staves. So I gave her one more pull, and then kicking the head out of the cask, I got out, and said to this fellow:

"Look a here, what in the deuce are you trying to do, anyhow?"

"*Nein*," says he, shaking his head.

"What are you looking around here for, say?"

"*Nein*," says he.

"That makes eighteen," says I.

"*Nein*," says he.

"Twenty-seven," says I. "Go on; I'll add it up for you. I'm a lightning calculator, I am."

"*Nein*."

"Thirty-six," I said. "You appear to be a regular original old fine nine. What club do you belong to, anyway?"

"*Nein*," says he, still shaking his head.

"Forty-fi—" Just then it flashed across my mind that he was a Dutchman.

"Beer," says I, to try him.

I had touched a sympathetic cord in his nature.

"O! yaw! yaw!" says he. "Ha! ha!—das is goot! O, yaw!" and we rushed into each other's arms and wept.

I felt that I had found a friend.

I sincerely wished he had been my long lost brother, with the regular thing in the strawberry marks on his arm, only I never had a brother, and he was never long lost, and never had anything on his arm.

But this German was a good fellow. He lived in Dutch Guiana, and had a wife and three pretty daughters, who were so precisely alike that I could never tell one from the other. I fell in love with one of them; I never could tell which, so I courted them all three, just as they happened to come along. One day they all came in together. I tried to be sweet on the one I thought was the right girl, and the other two got so mad that I was afraid they'd burst some blood vessel or other. Then all three of them said I had promised to marry them, and all three of them repeated the fond words I had whispered to them, and accused me of treachery.

It looked rough for me. There was entirely too much of Love's chidings for comfort. I then offered to marry them all three, and to take them to Salt Lake; or to cut myself in three pieces; or to drown myself with them and perish in four watery graves.

Respectfully but firmly declined.

Then they all went out. After a bit one came in and said:

"Abijah, dear, let us elope together, and leave these horrid women, and go to some sunny clime, where we can be happy in the fullness of each other's love."

"I will think it over, my angel."

She passed out. Then one of them came in again.

"Abijah, dear, let us fly together, and leave these horrid women, and go to some sunny clime, where we can be happy in the fullness of each other's love."

"I say I will think over it, my own angel."

And she disappeared. But she seemed anxious, and so in she comes again.

"Abijah, dear, let us fly together, and leave these horrid women, and go to some sunny clime, where we can be happy in the fullness of each other's love."

"Look here, now, you've said that three times, and that's enough. My mind fully grasps the idea. I say I'll think it over."

"Why, I never said it before," says she.

"The mischief you didn't," says I.

"Upon my sacred word and honor; I'll cross my breath to it," says she.

I saw it all. They had all three of them tackled me with the same proposition. It was clear that I must fly. I had made up my mind to take the very first boat that left Dutch Guiana for anywhere.

I left the house, and hadn't gone more than a square when I saw the parent of the three girls in pursuit. We both ran. He was armed. He carried his boomerang with him. He fired it at me. I dodged, and the boomerang flew back and brained him on the spot, and there were precisely three more beautiful orphans in Dutch Guiana than when I came.

I shipped on board of an American vessel, and we got along well enough until a series of storms set in, and we were blown out of our course. The ship then sprang aleak, and foundered with all on board except me, who clung to a spar and was washed on shore, after a ride of three days o'er the dark waters of the deep blue sea.

I didn't know where I was, probably in some strange land or other. I looked around. There was a hut about a mile off. I made for it. It contained one man.

"He's another blasted foreigner," said I to myself; "there's no use of trying to talk to him."

I wanted something to eat, so I opened my mouth wide, and pointed into it, and said, "Aw—aw—aw—aw!"

The man was evidently surprised. He appeared to think I had swallowed something or other, so he caught me by the jaws and held them apart, while he looked down my throat.

He seemed disappointed that he didn't see anything.

"Aw—aw—aw—ough!" I grunted, still pointing in my mouth.

It seemed to occur to him that I had got the toothache, for he went out and got a monkey-wrench, a pair of pincers and a cross-cut saw.

"Um—um—um—um—um—um!" said I, in despair, rubbing my stomach.

His face lit up with the idea that I had the cramp-colic, and he commenced exerting himself to spread a mustard-plaster. I shook my head and rubbed my stomach and grunted.

"Aw—aw—aw—aw!" groaned I, in despair, pointing to my mouth, and drawing a line down to my abdomen.

The thought suggested itself to him that I wanted him to rip me up, so he got out a butcher-knife and began to sharpen it on his boot.

He was the most accommodating man I ever saw, that fellow.

Then, as a last resort, I began to clip my teeth together as if I was chewing something. He instantly jumped to the conclusion that I had been bitten by a dog and had hydrophobia. So he first took a bucket of water out of the room, and then began to feel my leg.

"O, pshaw," says I, forgetting myself, "I want something to eat."

"Well, why in the thunder didn't you say so then?" said he. "What are you standing there gibbering like some darned jackass for?"

"Why, I thought you couldn't understand English; I thought you were a foreigner," said I.

"And I took you for a wandering member of the deaf and dumb asylum."

"Deaf and dumb asylum," said I; "of what place?"

"Why, of New Jersey, of course."

"Is this New Jersey, then?" I asked.

"You can just bet it is. Listen! there's the whistle of the Camden and Amboy Railroad Company."

I sat down and cried like a baby when I remembered how many times I had deadheaded it on that very line in days of yore—days, I may say, that are now mingled with the irrevocable Past.

"Take a clam," said the man, rousing me from my reverie.

I took a clam, I took a "snifter," I took all the eatables and drinkables in the place, and then I walked to the depot and came home, just on the very day, you recollect, my wife was going to be married to another man, and how I wish I'd stayed away and let him.

And that's all.—*Transcript.*

☞ A thoughtless girl, living in a Western city, answered a "personal advertisement" in a city paper, just for the fun of the thing. The first note led to three more, thus throwing herself into the hands of a scoundrel. Her father was surprised by the appearance of the villain at his store, who demanded $1,500 for the four notes, and the father was forced to accede to his demands rather than have the notes written "just for fun" shown to all his friends and relations. This should be a lesson to every girl in the land.

☞ A clergyman was so averse to a certain creed, that he would not read it. His ecclesiastical superior having heard of his refusal, sent to ask him his reason. "I do not believe it." "But your metropolitan *does*." "It may be so, and he can well afford it. He believes at the rate of *seven thousand* a year, and I only at that of *fifty*."—*London Athenæum.*

☞ They have a Home Journal up in the woods of northern Michigan, and it publishes the following "society news:" "Mr. Mis-quah-wah-bow-you is engaged to Mis-quah-wah-quet-o-qua, daughter of Ne-be-nah-ah-nah-quot-way-be, the mighty hunter; Mr. Mah-kah-da-wah-bo-you to the dark-eyed Miss Mah-kah-da-qua; Mr. Ah-ne-ne-wah-bo-you to the belle of the forest, Miss Ah-qua-wah-bo-you; and Mr. Kish-ke-ne-je-ka-jah-shin to the chick-we-nauch Miss Ah-qua-ke-che-won-o-qua."

☞ Julia Dean, the well-known actress, died on the 6th, in New York, aged 37.

☞ Ball Hughes, the sculptor, died in Boston recently.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

THE IMPEACHMENT.—The following is the Board of Managers to conduct the trial of the President in the Senate:—Thaddeus Stevens, Benjamin F. Butler, Bingham, Boutwell, Wilson, Williams, and Logan.

The articles of Impeachment were all adopted in the United States House of Representatives on the 2nd, by the following vote:—Yeas, 125; nays, 41. On the 4th they were read in the Senate by Judge Bingham. Nearly all of the members of Congress were present.

Chief Justice Chase sent a letter to the Senate protesting against some of the rules adopted for the management of the impeachment trial. He thinks no steps should be taken in the trial until he is seated in the chair as presiding justice.

It is now believed that no application for a *quo warranto* against Secretary Stanton will be made.

In the House, on the 2nd, the impeachment articles were debated. Mr. Butler, of Mass., offered an amendment, including charges against the President, founded on his speeches in his Western tour in 1866. This was rejected—yeas, 50; nays, 74. It was afterwards, however, adopted.

In the U. S. Senate, on the 5th, at the expiration of the morning hour, Chief Justice Chase entered, accompanied by Associate Justice Nelson, and ascending to the President's chair announced that he had come to join in forming a Court of Impeachment. The oath was administered to the Chief Justice, by Justice Nelson, and the Chief Justice then administered the oath to the Senators in alphabetical order, until, Senator Wade's name being called, Mr. Hendricks put the question to the presiding officer whether the Senator from Ohio, being the person who would succeed to the Presidential office, was entitled to act as a judge in the case. A protracted debate followed, and the Senate adjourned without a decision in the matter.

The following is the oath taken by the Senators:—

"I do solemnly swear that in all things appertaining to the trial of the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, I will do impartial justice, according to the Constitution and laws, so help me God."

On the 6th, the Senate completed its organization as a Court of Impeachment. The Chief Justice having the chair, stated the question to be on the motion to postpone the swearing in of the Senator from Ohio, Mr. Wade, until the remaining members had been sworn. After discussion, Mr. Hendricks withdrew for the present his objection to Mr. Wade being sworn, and that gentleman took the oath. The Court being organized, it was ordered, on motion of Mr. Howard, that the President be summoned to appear on Friday next, the 13th inst. The rules of procedure heretofore adopted were re-adopted by the Court.

ANOTHER IMPEACHMENT.—The New York House of Representatives have voted, with but one dissenting voice, to impeach Canal Commissioner Dorn, (Republican,) for maladministration and corruption in office.

CONGRESS.—In the House on the 4th, Mr. Eliot, of Mass., introduced a bill providing that, in case of the death, removal or inability of Chief Justice to perform the duties of his office, these duties shall devolve upon the Senior Associate Justice, who shall be Chief Justice until such inability is removed, or a new appointment made. The bill was referred to the Judiciary Committee, with leave to report at any time.

In the U. S. Senate, on the 3rd, on motion of Mr. Cole, of Cal., the Financial Committee were directed to consider the expediency of repealing the internal taxes in incomes and manufactures. The House bill, restoring to the market the even-numbered alternate sections of land along the Pacific Railroads, was passed.

In the House, the resolution declaring against further subsidies to the Pacific Railroad, was tabled, by a vote of 78 against 44.

On the 6th, the Election Committee reported a new form of oath of office for those whose political disabilities have been removed, and it was immediately passed under the previous question as follows:—

Be it enacted, etc., That whenever any person who has participated in the late rebellion, and all legal disabilities arising therefrom have been removed by act of Congress by a vote of two-thirds of each House, has been elected to or appointed to an office or place of trust in or under the Government of the United States, he shall, before entering upon the duties thereof, take and subscribe to the following oath or affirmation:

I, A. B., do solemnly swear (or affirm) that I will support and defend the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; that I will bear true faith and allegiance to the same; that I take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation or purpose of evasion, and that I will well and faithfully discharge the duties of the office of which I am about to enter. So help me God."

A bill removing the political disabilities of R. R. Butler, member elect from Tennessee, was then passed. Mr. Mungen, of O., introduced a bill to relieve the political disability of John Young Brown, which was referred.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The Pennsylvania Democratic State Convention met at Harrisburg on the 4th inst., and chose electors to the Presidential Convention. The resolutions adopted denounce Congress, and favor greenback payment of the public debt. Charles C. Boyle was nominated for Auditor General, and General Ent for Surveyor General.

Mr. Hickman's motion in the Pennsylvania Legislature to amend the Constitution of the State, by extending the elective franchise to all who can read the Constitution, was lost in the House by 13 yeas to 75 nays.

OHIO.—The Ohio Republican Convention met on the 4th, and nominated a State Ticket, headed by William White for Judge of the Supreme Court. Resolutions were adopted supporting General Grant and Senator Wade for President and Vice President, and declaring for greenback payment of the public debt and taxation of future bonds.

MAINE.—The Maine Democratic Convention has resolved in favor of Pendleton for President, and greenback payment of the public bonds.

THE SUPREME COURT.—The argument in the McArdle Case, which involves the Constitutionality of the Reconstruction Laws is progressing.

NORTH CAROLINA.—The Convention has resolved that the University and all the public schools shall be open alike to whites and blacks; and that all persons shall send their children to public schools for sixteen months, between the ages of 5 and 18 years, who are not able to educate them otherwise.

VIRGINIA.—The suffrage article adopted, disfranchises all, who, after taking the oath of allegiance to the United States Government, gave aid and comfort to the rebellion. State officials under the Confederacy, and rebel officers above the rank of lieutenant in the army and master in the navy are also disfranchised.

MARYLAND.—George T. Vickers has been elected U. S. Senator, to succeed Mr. Thomas, by the Maryland Legislature.

LOUISIANA.—General Grant has revoked General Hancock's order removing Street Commissioner Baker, of New Orleans, and Baker is reinstated in his position.

In the Convention, a resolution directing that Jefferson Davis, who is now in New Orleans, be notified to leave the state, was offered by a colored member. After debate, it was returned to him by a vote of 58 to 5.

BURNING OF BARNUM'S MUSEUM.—Barnum's Museum, in New York, was destroyed by fire on the 3rd inst. The loss is estimated at over $500,000, which is only partially covered by insurance. The Van Amburgh and Gordon Cumming collection of animals and curiosities were nearly all destroyed, including forty cages of wild animals, valued at $40,000. Mr. Barnum is already at work, devising plans for recommencing the business of his life. His Museum has been burned out three times within thirty years. A bear emerged from the ruins the next day after the fire, and caused great excitement and scampering until captured.

Foreign Intelligence.

GREAT BRITAIN.—In the House of Commons on the 5th, Mr. Disraeli appeared for the first time since the resignation of Earl Derby. He was received with loud cheers from the Government and opposition benches.

Baron Lionel de Rothschild is to be elevated in the peerage of Great Britain.

Mr. George Francis Train has been arrested in Dublin again. He is in custody this time for debt.

The Fenians attempted to destroy a large machine shop at Limerick, on Tuesday night, with Greek fire, but failed.

GERMANY.—The Zollverein Convention has assembled at Berlin. Bismarck made a speech of welcome to the delegates.

Louis II., King of Bavaria, died on Friday at the Royal Palace, Munich, aged 23 years.

King William of Prussia has directed the confiscation of the personal property of the late King of Hanover.

King William, in his speech closing the Prussian Diet, expressed himself satisfied with the legislation of the past session, and declared that there now remained no cause for the disturbance of peace in Germany, or in Europe.

ITALY.—Admiral Farragut has arrived at Spezzia, and was received by the Italian Minister of Marine on board the steamer Frolic.

Antonelli, the distinguished Cardinal, Prime Minister to the Pope of Rome, is seriously ill.

PORTUGAL.—A revolution in Portugal is imminent. An effigy of the Queen was burned in Lisbon on Tuesday night.

TURKEY.—A report from the East says that the United States Government has proposed to the Turkish Government to build a port at Marmorizza, on the coast of Asiatic Turkey, to be used as a station for vessels of the American navy; but the Sublime Porte has declined to grant the necessary concession.

ABYSSINIA.—Reports from Annesley state that the British prisoners at Magdala were well treated by King Theodore. King Shoa, a powerful monarch, is expected to declare war against Abyssinia in consequence of the behavior of Theodore towards the English captives.

MEXICO.—Gen. Ortega has been elevated to the Vice Presidency of the Mexican Republic. A conspiracy is in progress at Havana to invade Mexico under Santa Anna, and proclaim one of the Iturbide princes Emperor.

THE WEST INDIES.—Cholera is raging at St. Thomas, and the authorities of Porto Rico forbid vessels from the former port to enter the latter for the present.

There were several shocks of earthquakes felt at Antigua during the last month.

UNIVERSALISM IN THE CHAPEL ROYAL.—A correspondent of the Record says:—"The Rev. Stopford Brooke, lately appointed one of Her Majesty's chaplains, in a sermon preached on Sunday night in the Chapel Royal of the Savoy, boldly proclaimed the doctrine of universal salvation, affirming without any qualification that the time would come—it might be myriads of ages yet—when Christ would gather into His arms every soul ever born into the world."

☞ Barnum's *Circassian* Beauty was frightened by the fire into speaking very good English.

☞ The Hutchinson Family of vocalists have settled in Hassan Valley, McLeod County, Minn., where they are carrying on a large farm.

☞ The superstitions of Hindooism appear to be giving way to the truths of Christianity and the spirit of an enlightened age. Several religious societies have been formed by the natives, who adopt for their creed a belief in only one Supreme Being, who alone should be adored, and renounce all Hindoo superstitions. A society in the Punjaub, which includes both Hindoos and Sikhs, has for its cardinal principle the rejection of idols and all other material aids to devotion. Native reformers say that India must be regenerated, and wholly relinquish the use of idols.

☞ Why women should increase the apparent size of the head to double its real proportions while they have reduced their skirts to the scantiness of wet bathing clothes is a matter so marvellous that men have given it up altogether.

A Plain Answer.

Among the people who came to market a recent afternoon was a citizen of west Jersey. He brought a stock of eggs and butter. In a big coop in the rearmost part of his wagon he had a splendid peacock, whose tail spread out, beautiful even to gorgeousness, like the trail of a lady's dress. An Irishman passing by observed the splendid plumage of the bird, and asked its price.

"Thee can have it for fifteen dollars," was the reply of the owner, whose garb indicated him as a member of the Society of Friends.

"That's a good price," was the interrogative remark of the Celt, as he smoothed the ample tail of the feathered biped.

"There are plenty of people who will give that for him," was the placid and very true rejoinder.

The Celt surveyed the bird, admired his proportions, but still endeavored to cheapen him.

"Mister," said he, at last to the grave gentleman who held the bird for sale, "Mister, people say that these birds have a very bad voice."

"I have nothing to say about their voices," was the quiet reply. "If thee wants the fowl thee can take it; if thee doesn't, its voice doesn't make any matter to thee."

"But," says the Celt, "don't thim birds holler like the divil?"

"Friend," was the placid reply, "thee probably in that respect has an advantage over me. Thee evidently has acquaintances that I have not. If thee thinks that the scream of this bird is like to that of thy friend, whom thee has named, I, in my ignorance, will not presume to contradict thee."

The next minute the Celt was at an opposite stall in the market buying a ten cent bunch of carrots. He bought no peacock on that day.—*North American.*

☞ Prof. Nash says that he once knew of a water pipe being taken up that was laid for a long distance on a dead level, in which there was enough white lead found to paint a small house, inside and out, and if taken internally would kill a small army, and yet the family that used the water for twenty years was perfectly healthy. The poison settled on the bottom of the pipe and was not forced into the house.

Dr. Radway's Pills (Coated) Are Infallible as a Purgative and Purifier of the Blood.

BILE.

Bile in the Stomach can be suddenly eliminated by one dose of the Pills—say from four to six in number. When the Liver is in a torpid state, when species of acrid matter from the blood or a serous fluid should be overcome, nothing can be better than Radway's Regulating Pills. They give no unpleasant or unexpected shock to any portion of the system; they purge easily, are mild in operation, and, when taken, are perfectly tasteless, being elegantly coated with gum. They contain nothing but purely vegetable properties, and are considered by high authority the best and finest purgative known. They are recommended for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Nervous Diseases, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs Price, 25 cts. per box. Sold by Druggists.

mar16-cow-tf

ONE OUNCE OF GOLD will be given for every ounce of adulteration found in "B. T. Babbitt's Lion Coffee." This Coffee is roasted, ground and sealed "hermetically," under letters patent from the United States Government. All the "Aroma" is saved, and the Coffee presents a rich, glossy appearance. Every family should use it, as it is fifteen to twenty per cent. stronger than other pure "Coffee." One can in every twenty contains a One Dollar Greenback. For sale everywhere. Henry C. Kellogg, Agent at Philadelphia. feb22-1y

ALL NERVE Complaints require a stimulating remedy. It is necessary that the whole nervous system should be invigorated to expel Neuralgia, Nervache and other painful nervous diseases. For this purpose there is no medicine so effectual as DR. TUNSTALL'S TIC DOULOUREUX OR UNIVERSAL NEURALGIA PILL, as it has a strengthening influence on the *nerve fluid*. Apothecaries have it. Principal Depot 120 *Tremont St., Boston, Mass.* Price $1 per package; by mail, two postage stamps extra.

Johnston, Holloway & Cowden, Agents, Philadelphia, Pa.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—To the sufferers from gravel, stone and other irregularities of the kidneys, these Pills give permanent and almost instantaneous relief. Sold at the Manufactory, 80 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

IF YOU must take medicines then take AYER'S which are by far the most effectual remedies to be had anywhere. mar7-2t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 23d of Feb., by the Rev. Wm. Cathcart, Mr. WILLIAM H. NAYLOR to Miss MARY D. MATHEW, both of this city.

On the 22th of Dec., by the Rev. Saml. Darborow, Mr. HENRY RANDIR, of Lyons, France, to Miss MARY GALLAGHER, of this city.

On the 27th of Feb., by the Rev. J. H. Peters, Mr. JESSE A. TATEM to Miss MAGGIE E. ELLIOTT, both of this city.

On the 7th of Nov., by the Rev. Wm. Hutton, Mr. JAMES KENNS to Miss KATE BUTTON, both of this city.

On the 5th of Feb., by the Rev. John Chambers, CLAYTON MCKENNIE to SARAH A. PENTLAND, both of this city.

On the 26th of Feb., by the Rev. L. P. Hornberger, GONSALVO RICHARDSON to LIZZIE S. GROVES, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name

On the 29th of Feb., JOSEPH W. GAMBLE, son of Warren and Ann Gamble, in his 20th year.

On the 2d instant, FRANCIS A. KIRKPATRICK, in his 31st year.

On the 4th instant, ANNIE J. CATHERWOOD, wife of David S. Winebrener.

On the 3d instant, Mrs. CATHARINE CLEMAN, in her 81st year.

On the 2d instant, SAMUEL GRAHAM, in his 38th year.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. LOUISA DELACHOIX, in her 84th year.

On the 1st instant, Mrs. SARAH KEEVE, aged 86 years.

On the 29th of Feb., GEORGE D. BENTLEY, in his 25th year.

On the 28th of Feb., ELIZABETH, wife of Malcolm Ferguson, aged 49 years.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

Splendid Inducements for 1868.

The contents of THE POST shall consist as heretofore of the very best original and selected matter. We commenced in the first number of January, a deeply interesting story, called

THE DEATH SHADOW OF THE POPLARS, by Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, author of "The Morrisons," &c.

We shall follow Mrs. Hosmer's story with

TRYING THE WORLD, by Miss Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," "Claudia," &c., and

ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON, by Elizabeth Prescott, author of "How a Woman Had her Way," "A Dead Man's Rule," &c.

Besides our original stories, we give

The *GEMS OF THE ENGLISH MAGAZINES*, and also the *NEWS OF THE WEEK, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, WIT AND HUMOR, RIDDLES, THE MARKETS*, &c., &c.

PREMIUMS. Various Premiums, from Pencils to Sewing Machines, including Books, and Silver Plated ware, are given to those getting up Premium Lists. A list of articles, terms, &c., will be sent to any one desirous of getting up a Premium List upon application by letter, inclosing a postage stamp.

The **SEWING MACHINE** Premium. For 30 subscribers at $2.50 apiece—or for 20 subscribers and $60—we will send Wheeler & Wilson's No. 8 Machine, price $65. By remitting the difference of price in cash, any higher priced machine will be sent.

Every subscriber in a Premium list, inasmuch as he pays $2.50, will get the large Premium Steel Engraving of "Washington at Mount Vernon," or "One of Life's Happy Hours," or "Everett in his Library," as he may prefer.

Our **PREMIUM ENGRAVINGS.** For our Premium Engraving this year we shall give the splendid portrait of Washington, engraved from the celebrated picture by Thomas Hicks, N. A. This is a full length portrait, with Mount Vernon in the background, and is thirty inches long by twenty-one inches wide. No American home should be without a portrait of "The Father of his Country." This engraving, or one of "Edward Everett in his Library," or one of last year's premiums, "One of Life's Happy Hours," if preferred, *will be sent gratis as a Premium (postage paid) to every full ($2.50) subscriber, and also to every person sending a club!*

It will *not* be sent to club subscribers, unless they send one dollar extra.

TERMS. Our terms are the same as those of that well known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the clubs, and the Premium lists, may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly when so desired—and are as follows:

One copy (and the large Premium Engraving) **$2.50.**

CLUBS. Two copies, **$4**; Four copies, **$8**; Five (and one gratis) **$8**; Eight copies (and one gratis) **$12**; Twenty (and one gratis) **$28.** One copy of THE POST and one of THE LADY'S FRIEND, **$4.**

Every person getting up either of the above clubs, will receive the Premium Engraving in addition.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twenty cents* extra as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

☞ The magazines or papers in a club will be sent to different Post-offices if desired.

☞ The contents of The Post and of The Lady's Friend will always be entirely different.

☞ In remitting, name at the top of your letter, your Post-office, county, and State. If possible, procure a Post-office order on Philadelphia. If a Post-office order cannot be had, get a draft on Philadelphia or New York, *payable to our order.* If a draft cannot be had, send United States notes. Do not send money by the Express Companies, unless you pay their charges.

☞ Specimen numbers of THE POST are sent on receipt of five cents.

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319 Walnut St., Philadelphia.

A True Story.

The Marquis de B——, while pursuing the chase in a very remote and lonely part of France, had the misfortune to fall into one of those pits which are dug for the purpose of storing winter vegetables. Here he remained several hours. At the end of the time he heard footsteps approaching and cried for help. A band of peasants appeared and looked over the edge; but far from aiding him, they exacted that he should give them every article in his possession. He was about to comply with this outrageous demand, when, by accident, a young girl who was reaching over the edge to receive something from his hands fell down on him. The Marquis then told her friends that unless they at once drew him out the girl should suffer for it. Alarmed at this, the brutes scampered away. Finding the servants of the Marquis on the lookout for him, they gave the latter false information as to where he was to be found; the result of which was that the couple remained in the pit for three days and nights. Some one more compassionate than the rest threw them in a blanket and some food. The Marquis to his astonishment found his fellow-prisoner very pretty, intelligent, and agreeable, and suffered less from *ennui* than might have been supposed. At the end of the time, their cries having been heard by the *garde champetre*, or rural police, they were rescued.

The Marquis took his prize, so unexpectedly captured, to Paris, where he had her educated, and she became in due time his *chere amie*. Dying, he left her a piece of land and a house in the suburbs of Paris, which by the rise of property became worth in three years' time several millions of francs. At present the former peasant girl has an Italian title, and she is received in the first society.

☞ A little boy in Lowell was asked how many mills make a cent. "Ten, sir," was the prompt reply. Immediately a bright faced little girl held up her hand in token of dissent. "Well, miss, what have you to say?" "Please, sir, ten mills don't make a cent. Pa says all the mills in town don't make a cent."

THE HOMES OF THE POOR.

Oh! the homes we give the poor!
In the alleys damp and grim,
Where all noisome vapors swim,
In the cellar-caves that drink
Poison from the sewer and sink,
Are the homes we give the poor.

See the homes we give the poor;
Piled to weary, dangerous heights,
Toward heaven's cold and pitiless lights,
Chilled above by wind and snow,
While the fire-fiends lurk below—
See the homes we give the poor.

Are they *homes* we give the poor?
Danger sits by every gate,
Pain and misery round them wait,
Ghostly tenants put we in,
Death, disease, and shame and sin—
Homes they are not for the poor!

Have we no homes for the poor?
Hold we earth so cramped and bound
Place for these cannot be found?
Do *our* homes so wide expand
That they cover all the land?
Leave we no homes for the poor?

Near us ever are the poor;
They are nearer than we think;
We but stand upon the brink
Whence we push them; and their fall
Shakes the mansion and the hall:
We are very near the poor.

Ask we how to bless the poor?
Build them houses not unmeet
To be trod by human feet—
Give them homes; and blessings thus
Shall run swift from them to us—
From the homes we give the poor.

Choosing a Wife.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

[We think our readers will be amused with the following, from "*The Herald of Health.*" There is much that is true in it, and, we think, considerable that is not quite so true. The assertion that a small woman is apt to be meaner than a full sized one, for instance, we think simply absurd. And if "only handsome men and women" should marry, who would carry on the world in 1000?—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

No man or woman enters into the holy and beautiful relation of marriage without the expectation of being made happier thereby. Two persons thus conjoined ought to be of mutual help and comfort; smoothing for each the rough places of life; aiding in moral and intellectual growth; each loving, honoring, and ennobling the other. The two thus allied in a true and honorable relation will encounter the natural sorrows incident to our sublunary state, but will be shielded, as it were, from the great shocks of adversity, and the temptations which beset and overpower those less happily situated.

Swedenborg uses the term *conjugial* rather than conjugal as designating the true marriage, and affirms that such persons are especially pleasing in the sight of the great Creator; that they enter into a state of peculiar beatitude after death, growing younger through the eternities, and being the most beautiful of all the angels, because of the sacredness of this mystical marriage.

It is most certain that men and women are made happier and better by marriage, or they are exasperated, and rendered miserable and vicious by it; for we all know that contact with some persons evolves all that is sweetest and best in ourselves, while that of others calls into life all that is evil and discordant. Such being the fact, persons about to take the marriage vow upon themselves would do well to learn first whether they have any real vocation for the state, and whether they have that within themselves calculated to enhance their own happiness or that of another by so doing.

A man should look to it well and ascertain whether he is not essentially a bachelor in character—good and pleasant and companionable, in society, with a substratum of selfishness inaccordant with that self-abnegation essential to the cordial, cheerful helpfulness required in a family man.

A marrying man must be one who has a manly protectiveness about him; who enjoys the enjoyments of others; who will go out of his way to promote the well-being of others; who understands a woman in her highest, purest, and tenderest characteristics. Whatever may be his knowledge of the world he must be uncorrupted by it. He must winnow all the chambers of his soul and be sure that nothing unwholesome is harbored there; no secret vice, no sheltered and pernicious habit to at some time come forth, like a loathsome reptile, and strike the dear, trusting denizens of home with sorrow, dread, or aversion. There is no help for the miseries that may lurk under the family altar; therefore, men and women should take these things to heart before it is too late.

Queen Elizabeth at one time certainly entertained the idea of espousing the Duke of Anjou, and as he had but lately recovered from the smallpox, she enjoined upon her Minister Walsingham "to observe the person of the Prince, and consider whether he retained so much of his good looks as that a woman could fix her affections upon him."

I give this fact as an intimation that women as well as men regard "good looks" as essential, though Love, being a royal giver, will sometimes endow the poorest.

No man should assume the relation of marriage, with its many contingencies, unless his habits of life, profession, trade, or general business capacity are sufficient to guarantee a comfortable support to a household. It is the height of selfishness, meanness, and cruelty, to take a woman to be only a partaker of your poverty. If you love her, even, you will not do this. Marriage with cold rooms and a scanty larder does not enhance the happiness of its participants.

Supposing the man mentally, morally, and personally adapted to marriage, having insured a competence, he is in a condition to choose a wife.

Let him by no means choose a woman of genius. Such fine porcelain is not for every-day use. Scarcely should a man of genius ally himself to genius; and no other man, unless he be of the largest, most generous, and most manful characteristics, and willing also to be neutralized himself, should dare appropriate those fine, rare creatures, so hard to be understood and so multifarious in design. Browning, a robust, wholesome man of power, was a fit husband for the sensitive Elizabeth Barrett, but as a rule the experiment of such alliances is a hazardous one.

He who would reduce a woman of genius to a mere household appendage does her a great wrong, and is guilty of meanness and injustice. Let a man choose

"A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles."

While he should not presumptuously, and with a poor unmanly vanity select a woman of genius to be the presiding good of his household, let him by no means commit the more dangerous and fatal mistake of marrying a flat, or simpleton. The latter class of women are harder to manage, and more deplorably unfit for the dignities of marriage, than the more affluently endowed. "There is no incompatibility like the incompatibility of mind and character," Dickens has said, and his child wife, with her prettiness, and childishness, and limitations, and unreasonableness, is an example.

Do not marry a sentimental woman, who is sure to run into the lackadaisical one; let her love sentiment, high, noble sentiment, but beware of the sentimental.

Do not marry one of the delicate, die-away women, who are sure to degenerate into invalids, and take a pride in their feebleness; recount their pains; and tell of the hazards they have run; sit all day in easy chairs, and lounge on sofas, and become at last a sort of forlornity; and having worn your patience quite out, will get up an *ill-used look*, and on the sly abuse you to their cronies. Heaven save you from a complaining, forlorn woman!

Do not marry a woman with thin lips and a glib tongue. She may be quite taking in the flush of youth, piquant and amusing while all is smooth and prosperous, and you rather tied to her apron strings; but woe to you if adversity come—woe to you, if you should thwart her mood, or presume upon dictation; that ready tongue of hers and sharp wit will work you discomfort; for from the first she had the premonitions of a shrew, and few men in our days have the nerve of Petruchio to quiet such feminine manifestations.

I am sure it is not wise to marry a woman of a different religious faith, nor one far removed from your own social rank; nor an ignorant woman, that is, one whose ignorance will annoy you. Many traits may seem harmless, and even engaging in youth, which in the long run will be very irksome if not distressing.

By no means marry any deformity, if congenital—it must and will be revolting to a healthful, esthetic mind, and will surely prove disastrous in a household. I knew a young clergyman who became much attached to an estimable girl to whom he was engaged to be married, when a wise friend told him of a defect, which the girl herself ought to have confessed before she became affianced to any man. She had a malformation of the foot. Learning this fact, the young man, after many conscientious scruples, broke his contract of marriage, greatly to the displeasure of the lady's family, and some detriment to himself in a professional point of view; one old divine asking him "if the soul of his wife was lodged in her foot," etc.

The young man was assuredly in the right. Dickens, who is a good teacher, gives us in the "Old Curiosity Shop," a pleasant picture of simple, unaffected goodness in the Abel family; but he tells of the father hobbling along with his club foot, full of kindly greetings, followed by his son, his very counterpart, even to the *club foot*. This is a drawback to the picture.

Beware of those thin-chested, blue-veined, narrow-chested girls, so much admired by sentimental writers, unless you would transform what ought to be a cheery household into a hospital. These unfortunate girls have the seeds of consumption in their veins, and will bring you nothing but sorrow. Besides this, disease may excite our pity and our sympathy, allied as it sometimes is to almost heavenly shades of character, but it should never be associated with marriage; indeed, to a person of a sound mind and healthful physique, it is most repugnant. All disease carries an offensive effluvia, detrimental to the health of others, and distasteful to a delicate sense.

Do not marry a girl who sits in the parlor and dresses like a fine lady while her mother works in the kitchen—for this implies a cold selfishness, that may be anything but favorable to the peace and geniality of a household.

Nature strives, struggles for the beautiful, which is her end and aim, and her very heart is pained at her multitudinous defects in human beings who are inharmonious, as crooked in mind as body, sensual and depraved, because man does not study and does not obey the laws of life, which are as immutable as death, as unmistakable as light. There is a peculiar beauty and significancy in the words of the sweet Psalmist of Israel, "Open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law."

Only handsome men and women ought to marry. Those having a *mens sana in corpore sano*. Let others look the matter squarely in the face, and admit that their imbecilities, their diseases, their unhandsome looks, their discordant minds, ought not to be perpetuated; and let them go to work manfully to make the best of themselves by eschewing marriage. Let them be honest, hearty old maids and bachelors, earning money for the good of others, teaching, and farming, and helping on good and wholesome ideas. They will find a happiness in such career far superior to what would await them and theirs in the married relation.

The true, good, and handsome men and women adapted to marriage ought to be treated with distinguished honor in the world, as benefactors of the race, as foreshadowing that beautiful future when we shall be hardly lower than the angels and covered with glory and honor.

One reason why it is well to marry a pretty woman in preference to a plain one, is, that the former is more free from jealousy and discontent than the latter. Being better satisfied with herself she is more likely to be pleased with others.

It is better to marry a full-sized woman than a little one—for the meanness of stature is apt to go through the character also. A certain roundness of contour; a composure and self-poise, devoid of heaviness or sluggishness; an elastic buoyancy, a bright uppish look, more of pride than vanity; a clear, open eye, and pure, child-like smile; hands and feet well proportioned, not too small, are outlines easily discriminated and constitute a safe, reliable character. A cheerful woman, one who will not make mountains of mole-hills, who can find something bright and beautiful everywhere; who has pretty feminine resources, and knows how to devise ways and means to make others happy and content about her, is a jewel of inestimable worth.

The voice (not for singing) is a great indicator of character. Swedenborg says the angels know the state of a man by his voice. Beware of those high, sharp tones of voice, as well as the too low and hesitating; the first belongs to a shrew, and the last to deceit and imbecility.

Cheerfulness of temper, candor that rejects every species of falsehood, and owns to the truth at any peril; tenderness to be detected by fondness for and faithful care of *pets*, rather than by outward expressions; purity, instinct in thought and action; intelligence to appreciate all that is noble and good; and health, sound and elastic, are traits to insure duty as a wife and happiness in a household.

An Empress on Skates.

BY OLIVE LOGAN.

Neither her Majesty Eugenie, nor any one else living in Paris, has much opportunity to trip on the light skatorial toe. The Parisian winter is far less severe than that of New York, and skating is, therefore—or has been heretofore—a rather rare accomplishment. Since the introduction of the ornamental ponds in the Bois de Boulogne by the Emperor, however, an opportunity has been afforded those who love the pastime to occasionally indulge in it.

About five years ago, as I was taking my accustomed daily drive to the beautiful "Bois," I was accosted by some American gentlemen, who, in spite of the frosty weather, still persisted in a daily horseback ride, with "Are you going out to the skating-pond?"

I had not heard of one. Where was it? at the lake?

No, not at the lake. At least the "fine flower" was not skating on the lake. The lake—indeed, the two lakes at the entrance of the Bois—had been invaded by a *cohue*, the *canaille*, a crowd. The aristocracy of the skating world was assembled at a small body of water—a lake without a name, and whose locality it was difficult to indicate by the mere telling, but which nestles amid heavy foliage in the summer time, and is generally avoided in the winter. Thither we wended our way.

As we drew near the trysting place, we found its proximity invaded by elegant carriages, foremost among which was the dashing turnout of the Empress—the usual thing of three or four imperial carriages (of the shape called the d'Orsay in carriage parlance), with postillions, and outriders, and footmen, in the imperial tints of green and gold. The Emperor had driven out in a high park phaeton, behind two small-sized but fleet-footed American trotters, which had come over only a few weeks before from Baltimore. The Prince Imperial was there, accompanied by his English nurse, Miss Shaw, and a lady, the widow of an army officer, who bears the title of "Governess of the Children of France," those children being, of course, only the children of the throne. His little Highness had desired to see *les patineurs*, and had had his wish gratified by his horses' heads being directed toward the place where the *patineurs* were disporting. His carriage, and those of his imperial parents, however, were only three, in as many hundred elegant equipages.

I find it difficult to describe the scene on the lake itself. All that Paris contained of beauty, wealth, and noble blood seemed assembled on that spot, not larger than one of our Fifth Avenue private ponds. The skating fever was at its height. Everybody was attacked by it. But the most uncomfortable thing about it was, that everybody wanted to skate, and only a few knew how. Of these few, but three were ladies, and it is easy to imagine how greatly they were objects of interest. The first of these three—first, by reason of her grace and fearlessness as a skater, and also by her great personal beauty—was Mrs. Lorillard Ronalds, a lady well known in New York, though her girlhood was passed in the place where she learned to skate so well, Boston. This lady was the object of general admiration. Both the Emperor and the Empress remarked her ease and beauty.

The second was the Princess Poniatowska, (these curious Polish names, which indicate gender by the change of the final syllable?) The third was a lady from Holland, whose name I did not learn. These three were positively the only lady skaters; all the rest of the ladies stood around the banks of the frozen pond, or were pushed about on sled-chairs. The most beautiful of these was used by the Empress, and merits rather the name of a hand-pushed sleigh than a chair. It was made of stout wire, and mounted on fine runners, each terminating in the semblance of the graceful neck and head of the swan. The seat and back were lined with rich green silk velvet, and trimmed with gold fringe and tassels. In this chair the Empress seated herself, to be pushed about by a Polish count, who had received from imperial hands the extraordinary title of "First Aid-de-Camp on the Ice." He was a very swift and strong skater; but in the numerous ramifications of skating proper—the outer roll, the spread eagle, and the rest—he could not at all compete with the American gentlemen present. Among these were the twin brothers Van Wart, of New York, who were specially objects of attention, from the fact of their being grand-nephews of the greatly reverenced Washington Irving. Another good skater was Mr. Van der Camp, of Philadelphia, a gentleman who had been enabled by a residence in Holland to keep up his skating practice. But the most brilliant skater on the ice was a Mr. Camac (also of Philadelphia), who performed a series of astonishing feats, such as I have never seen equalled, even by professional skaters. The Emperor, what with being evidently a very weak skater in the first place, and afflicted with a bad leg in the second, was not creating any marked enthusiasm by his exploits on the ice. He stopped repeatedly to applaud the performances of Mr. Camac. I was standing behind her Majesty the Empress, who was reposing in her gilded chair, while the poor aid-de-camp who had been pushing her, was secretly panting for breath, and shielding himself behind me to wipe the perspiration off his forehead, when the Emperor skated up.

"Louis," said the Empress, leaning towards him, "who is that fine skater?"

His Majesty made a reply which I did not hear, and gave a shrug of the shoulders, which implied lack of knowledge. Just then the Count de Morny (he was not "Duke" then) came skating up.

"Do you see that big American down there?" said the Count, pointing to Mr. Camac.

"But he does miraculous things!" said the Empress, raising her eyebrows.

"*Diable!*" said the Emperor, with another shrug, "if he is American it is not astonishing. They have very well the time to learn to skate, with their *diable* of a climate, down there in America."

"Is it colder there than in Russia?" asked de Morny, who had been ambassador at St. Petersburg, and carried off a beautiful Russian princess for a bride.

"About the same thing," replied the Emperor, making a statement which I thought was rather sweeping.

"Oh! how I should like to learn to skate!" exclaimed the Empress, in a burst of enthusiasm elicited by some new exploit of Mr. Camac's, and also by seeing Mrs. Ronalds glide gracefully past, holding a hand of each of the brothers Van Wart.

Then, after a pause, she added, "I have a mind to try."

"Thou would'st fall," exclaimed the Emperor, as if that settled the matter, after which he skated away coolly.

But the Empress is persevering. She held some private conversation with the icy aid-de-camp (now somewhat cooled off after his violent exercise,) and the result was that the next day her Majesty appeared on the pond in skating costume.

Without disrespect be it said, the fair Eugenie wore that day the shortest skirts it has ever been my lot to see on any woman, save and except the ladies of the ballet. The court was then in mourning for some foreign prince, about whom the court did not care a rush, though it was obliged, for etiquette's sake, to put on sympathetic weeds. And the Empress, dressed all in black, with black silk stockings—exposed almost to the knee—with a short black dress most woefully trimmed with crape, was positively the most amusing specimen of feminine incongruity I ever laid eyes upon. It required all one's good breeding not to laugh at her appearance; and the Emperor, who had evidently heard nothing of all this, looked seriously displeased when his astonished eyes fell on his consort. Eugenie was determined to brave it out, however, and had evidently resolved on learning to skate.

The First Aid-de-Camp fastened on her Majesty's skates (a beautiful little pair,) and then giving him her hand, Eugenie made the first step.

It is the first step that costs!

Down tumbled the Empress, her imperial black silk stockings sprawling out in front of her, while she sat down with a thump on the discourteous ice.

Here was a dilemma!

The Emperor turned away to conceal his annoyance, and some of the ladies of honor put their gloved fingers over their lips, to cover a smile.

There is an old French adage which says that *noblesse oblige*. It should oblige an Empress to take her first skating lessons in private.

The First Aid-de-Camp was in despair. How should he manage to keep those imperial feet where imperial and other feet ought to be—under the control of the body? He lifted the Empress up, and once more, down she came.

It was funny, and the Empress laughed, thereby allowing the ladies of honor to indulge in a like recreation. It was very funny, but it was terribly unimperial.

A duchess of the Faubourg St. Germain, Bourbonist to the core, standing on the bank, and viewing these undignified proceedings, was asked,

"Do you see her Majesty?"

"I see the Empress—I do not see her Majesty."

A *mot* which was circulated, and which made the Empress turn pale with anger when she heard it.

But still the "imperial vot'rens" kept on with her skating under difficulties, and the bright-eyed Mrs. Ronalds, with her arms folded, skated a polacca on the ice, and Mr. Camac cut out a whole garden of "roses."

Meanwhile the Aid-de-Camp had an idea. He rushed off and got a long pole, and instructing her Majesty to clutch it in the middle, took one end himself, and gave the other to a gentleman, who, perhaps, may have been Second Aid-de-Camp on the ice, though this I did not learn.

After this, things went on better. There was still much tripping up of imperial heels, it is true, and a somewhat lavish display of embroidery; but the falls, my countrymen, were over.

By perseverance and assiduous practice, the Empress has now become quite a good skater; and like the rest of us, can look back serenely on the day of her first pair of skates. —*Northern Monthly.*

NOT A PROFESSOR.—A good woman, living a little out of the city of Hartford, and having heard something of the interesting union prayer meetings now being held in that city, was a little curious to attend one of them. Being unable to find the place of the meeting, she stepped up to a member of the legal profession and very politely inquired: "Mr. ——, will you please tell me where the union prayer meeting is held this afternoon?" The lawyer, looking every way for escape, finally stammered out—"Madam, *I give it up. You'd better try some other profession.*"

IN AN ABBEY.

Underneath me is the pavement, where they
once stood up and sang;
And above there is the roof-tree, where their
voices rose and rang,
Singing hymns of old composers, bright with
joy or dark with pang.

Then outside is the great courtyard, where
they used each day to meet,
With the sunshine for all faces, and the soft
grass for all feet:
Oh, ye ancient monks of England, did you
find your lives so sweet?

It was pleasant in the orchard in the long
warm month of June,
When you wandered 'mid the fruit-trees in
the golden afternoon,
Or went out to pray and ponder in the white
light of the moon.

It was pleasant by the fire when December
winds did blow,
Roaring round the abbey tower, whilst the
fierce drift of the snow
Gathered deep about the archways and the
cloisters down below.

But to wake at silent midnight from a dream
in lonely cell,
Some dear dream of home or marriage, when
the heart began to swell
With bruised hopes and trampled yearnings,
that you hid, and dared not tell—

Or to stand upon the terrace in the morning
glad and clear,
Looking far across green forests, sweeping
meadow, sunny mere,
Thinking how your life had narrowed, and
was dwindling year by year—

Or to pass along the village with your gifts
of bread and meat,
Catching glimpses of home circles, father,
mother, children sweet,
You to pass and bear their laughter, treading
on with tired feet—

Was *this* pleasant, was *this* needful, O ye
monks of olden day?
In what record found you orders, that you
took this dark hard way?
Will you answer from the Death-land—let
me hear what you can say?

Faintly rising came a whisper: "We have
entered into rest,
For according to our power and our light,
we did our best.
Do you *better* in your daytime, and you too
shall soon be blest.

"But remember, in all service, you must
quell your heart, and hold
Law as higher than your likings—Duty
dearer far than gold:
Let what will decay and vanish, this require-
ment ne'er grows old."

GOLD DIGGING.

"Boys!" cried Frazer, "here's the health of Mr. B., an' the memory of our philosophic camps on the Indio. You carry luck with you, sir, I guess, for we've made a fair pile. As to that, I ain't surprised, for I allurs located Ind'an John's claim somewhere round these waters."

"Who was he?" I asked.

"There's not a many about here as would need to ask that question, returned Beasley; "but nary a child as couldn't answer it. Ind'an John an' his claim is celebrated from the Gulf to Aspinwall, so as never king, nor saint, nor hero could be run agin him through those parts. He lived down yonder by the lagoon, in a little cane-built hut hedged about with plantain-tress, an' clustered over with scarlet-flowering pepper-vines. Now an' agin, five or six times in the year maybe, just as the old man's stores chanced to last, he'd come paddling down to Graytown with his fists full of dust, which he swopped for powder, an' blankets, an' other plunder. Half a pint or so, he'd barter at a time! No man knew where his claim lay. The old man drank like a whale in a herring-shoal, he did so; but tight or sober, that secret were never slipped. An' it cost him his life, as all of us had warned him it must. Maybe it's twelve months since, four Greasers from Segovia followed the old man up the river to his hut. He weren't skeary at first, for many an one had done the 'same before; but these four accursed skunks they tortured the poor old Ind'an, ay, an' his daughter too, until they died. An' nary word o' the secret was drawn from them poor cretura all alone an' broken as they was! Poor things, poor things! Tortured to death in them green an' sunny woods at mid-day! Not one of us near to answer their cries or to avenge them! There's no grant of Heaven I'd pray for more powerful, than to meet them four devils in a lonely place—durn 'em!—Pass that bottle, Yank. Thinking of Ind'an John makes me mad."

"Wal!" said Frazier, meditatively, "these secret claims are a downright curse to any neighborhood. I don't, an' never could splice ends with them as blow off gas about gold-digging—saying it's plunder easy come an' easy gone, seeking the root of evil, an' other granny talk which han't no meaning. But I say as every prospect should be known an' open. Secret washings tempt men who would otherwise have lived quiet at home in the hole they was shaped for: soft-going raws an' delicate boys with romantic heads it is as get drawn that way to their ruin. For old diggers, mind yer, who know the risks an' difficulties of their business, don't mostly heed such stories. But let no man tell me as gold-seeking is an evil trade! I say the finds in California and Australia have put the world a century on, an' han't spent their steam yet, nor near. But let them dig as knows what they're undertaking—the risk, the hardships, an' the uncertainty—who can stand up straight under fever, an' fighting, an' disappointment? It ain't such as suffer in their heads when folks talk of secret claims—no, sir. It's just them as ain't fitted to walk out o' sight of the hospital an' the parish church as get ruined in that madness.—Did I ever know a man who'd made his fortune in 'prospecting?' No, sir; not to keep it—if I understand rightly what you mean. There's many a thousand—ay, ten thousand claims which have given fortunes to one man or another, but not to him who prospected them. Gold-*mining* is different; rich men will go into that business, an' poor men are shut out by want of capital. A good mine, such as there's scores, will pay as quick as one can open ground; but washing is risky, is more open to robbery, an' allurs draws round it a crush of rowdies, as double the danger an' difficulty of working. Rich men don't care to stand the worry an' anxiety of river-work—it ain't likely they should; mining's the business for them."

"Why, you see," said Vansten, "take gold-digging where you will—in Europe, in Borneo, in Australia, or on this continent—it isn't the folks of the country who put in for it. They find pretty soon that on the whole, one week with another, a man don't earn *as much as by fair wages at any handicraft*. In America an' Australia, I know that's the fact; an' I've heerd you say it's so in Borneo, Frazer. Digging is a good business for gamblers, because one may pouch a big stake from time to time; but a man is mostly starving while he plays. Look at those washings in Segovia, t'other side of Nicaragua! I once saw a peon trot into Chinandega with a belt so heavy he could scarce sit his mule, but there weren't many Greasers such durned fools as to go picking after his 'wash-dirt.' Several Frenchmen, from Chontales, crowded out o' the town, slick away for the mountains, thinking it was straight travel for Jacob Astor's dinner-table; but a month afterwards, they straggled back, worn out with fever, pretty nigh starved, an' carrying barely a quarter the plunder they might have earned at light wage in the town. Gold-washing, take the year round, don't yield a dollar a day in any country ever I heerd of."

"That's thunderin' true, also, what you was saying about secret claims," observed Beasley. "I mind one case well in which such a story caused the destruction of a family as had never before dreamed of gold-seeking. 'Twas out in Sonora. I was quite young at the time, scarce fit to look an Ind'an in the face without a spyglass; but on that Comanche frontier one larns the whole duty of man right smart. I'd gone into Mexico on a venture of my father's. At a little village, called Santa Catarina, the fever struck me down, an' the boys left me there in charge of a Yankee, who was trying a small tobacco-planting. A good fellow he were; but his wife, poor thing, she was a right-down female angel. They were happy enough, living in a quiet way, an' contented with small potatoes, until a lot of boys, from Santa Fe, passed through the village, an' made a camp some three or four miles away. They was sick-full of a secret claim lying somewhere in that neighborhood, which had already given fortunes to two or three diggers they'd met. Mostly the Greasers only laughed; but poor Spielman listened, an' listened, an' talked 'prospect' with them, until his head turned yellow, an' all his dreams was double-gilt. First, he neglected work, wandering over the hills all day, an' gasing with the diggers; then he bought a bar an' a pan, an' flopped about like the ghost of a murdered dustman; an' his wife was considerable uneasy, you may swear.

"The Ind'an moon came on while I was still at Santa Catarina, an' I didn't like to desert the poor woman then, for the Apaches, were out in force. No man who hasn't crossed the Mexican frontier, can believe what a time the wretched Greaser folks pass every year when the Ind'ans are on the trail. The Redskins go out, sir, in reg'lar armies, two to five thousand strong, an' they sweep the country like as a net. Every year, at the same moon, they cross the desert, an' harry the Greasers deeper an' deeper towards Mexico. The Comanches an' Pawnees are bold enough in our country; but the Navajos an' 'Paches, an' 'Raphahoe of Anahwac, are like a swarm of poisonous locusts. No man's life is safe ten yards from the gate of his 'corral,' for there's allurs young braves hanging round for the chance of a scalp or a white woman or child. They say, in the frontier, that one in three of the Ind'an warriors is now pure white, or rather yeller, an' that one-half of the tribes has civilized blood in their veins; an' I believe it—I do.

"One day, news came in that a big party was marching southwards through the valleys about ten miles away. We thought they wasn't likely to break the trail to harry such a one-horse concern as Santa Catarina—war-parties strike for bigger plunder. But Spielman was out in that direction, an' they'd be sure to lift his scalp if they caught sight of him within a fair distance. The poor woman was dreadful bad. When I volunteered to go look for her husband, she put her arms round my neck, an' cried till she fainted like. When she was quiet agin, I took my rifle an' tracked out.

"Not finding Spielman nor any other of the diggers, nor any Ind'an trails around, I thought all was right, an' crept home agin. About two miles from the village, a big broad track was crossed; all the hoof-prints was unshod, an' the whole was swept as if by a broom. I knew that sign well enough; long-tailed Apache horses had passed by within the last three hours, an' since I left the ranche. Creeping on as craftily as I knew how, an' feeling my scalp-lock from time to time, to see if it was in gentlemanly order—as a frontiersman's should be in Ind'an neighborhood—I at last came in view of the village. 'Twas nothing but smoking cinders.

"In an hour or two's time I found all the people, who'd run into the woods an' cached there. Not a soul was missing but Spielman, his wife, and their two children. I couldn't rest till I'd visited their ranche, though 'twas dang'rous enough to go near the place. The folks tried to prevent me, but I would go. Poor Spielman was lying without his ha'r, among the ashes of the hut, having plainly rushed in after it was burned. Of his wife an' children, there was no sign: they was carried off to the desert, with many a hundred more most-like from other parts. Had the woman not waited for her husband, she might easy have escaped with the other villagers.

"The end of that story is kinder funny. We soon struck the trail of them who had done the deed. They seemed to be about fifty in number, most like a scouting-party led by the son or brother of the war-chief. Some thirty of us started in pursuit, counting the Santa Fe diggers. The 'Paches travelled gently enough, for they ain't over-used to be followed by Greasers, an' I must own they don't seem much scared when that event do happen. In a bit of 'chapparal,' a shady thicket growing over a ruin, we found them at noon next day. There was no sentinel nor even horse-guard—"

"Great thunder!" interrupted Frazer, "we find no such chances on the Texan prairs!"

"Guess Comanches air better bred if they ain't better born," returned Beasley. "The Rangers give 'em early instruction in manners an' deportment."

"We formed a circle round the chapparal, an' lotted off a body of men to stampede the horses. That's the dooty yer Greaser likes, an' he does it right well too. Then we sent a yeller-skin up a tree to look what the Ind'ans might be about.

"We took our stations silently. Inside the wood, not a sound could be heerd save the stamping of the horses out on the savannah, an' the sleepy chuckle of the parrots. My place was under a big tree, alongside the trail by which the Ind'ans had entered the shade. Through glittering, sun-gilt leaves in my front, I could see the long crimson shaft of a 'Pache lance fixed in the ground as a challenge. Scalps of all colors an' lengths hung down motionless along it, mixed with fresh leaves an' gaudy feathers. By the red hand on the top, I knew that lance must belong to a big chief, a reg'lar 'hijo de Montesuma,' for you must know, boys, the 'Paches claim to be of the royal race of Anahwac, an' look down on other folk most beautiful dignified. There'll be a tall muss for that bit of timber, I thought, an' I threw an eye over the fixings of my rifle. It was my first Ind'an fight.

"For two or three minutes, there was a stillness that might a'most be felt; then came a crash an' a yell! That durned yeller cuss had fallen from the tree! Quick as a thought, the 'Paches whooped, then dashed along the trail. 'Tarnal thunder! it'd be hard to tell which of our parties was most scared. I stood like a fool, too startled to use my hands; for, mind you, a 'Pache Ind'an in war-paint, with his arms an' his feathers on, is a fearsome-looking object to the bravest man, much more to a boy in his teens. I stood just like a statoo. The first 'buck' that louped past came full upon me, an' his fierce eyes, surrounded by a broad scarlet ring, glared straight into mine. 'Uph!' he grunted, an' louped past like a brown b'ar pursued by a grisly. Another followed; *his* face was painted blue and red—'Uph!' an' on he went. Every durned mother's son among them Ind'ans grunted in my face as they dashed out, an' I was reg'lar charmed to the spot. Fifty of 'em, boys, by thunder! an' every one said 'Uph!' like a dry machine. Durnation! I thought that procession would never end; but at last, shots began to ring outside, an' I bolted after the Ind'ans.

"As to fight, there were none! The Greasers ran like a broken covey of 'hens;' but they carried off a good sight of horses. I got away safe enough, with a lance-thrust through my thigh; an' we could count scalps pretty even with the 'Paches. Four, I think it was, we brought away, an' our party didn't lose more. 'Twarn't the Greasers that took 'em, though.'

"And what became of Mrs. Spielman and the children?" I asked.

"Guess they was carried to the 'Pache villages; an' there they are now, most likely, unless they're dead," answered the Ranger, coolly twisting up a plug. "The boy should be a 'brave' by this time, an' a chief too, I daresay, for white blood allurs gets to the front, even among the Redskins. Some of us might meet him on the prairs any time, yer know, an' I guess he'd have no sentimental objection to raising our scalps: it's the renegades an' the white captives grown up that make the Ind'ans so mischievous. They're a long sight worse than Redskins born."

"Surely it is a dreadful fate for a civilized being to be taken captive by these savages," I said. "Fancy the life this poor woman must have led, ay, is leading, perhaps, at this moment, old, and wretched, and a slave."

Beasley gave me an odd look, and rolled his "quid" over, but spoke no word.

Then Frazer, after a pause, said slowly: "To tell the real truth—sinking all Yankee twaddle, I'd say—that depends! I've seen a good many captives ransomed, an' I sw'ar that's a strange sight. There's some—wal, I'll say many—who are kinder mad with joy to escape from the Ind'ans' hands; there's more that cry loud enough to split log-timber, an' gets hysterical; an' there's not a few that cry an' struggle fierce enough—to get back to the Ind'ans. *You* know, sir, that savage life has its own charms—a charm, as I think, stronger than any our quiet cities can offer. An' women feel that too, when they come within its reach. They love the freedom an' the manliness of Ind'an life; they catch the spirit of its feuds, its hatred of all other peoples. An' there's another point, too, which has its weight—some of the young 'bucks,' whether 'Paches, Pawnees, or Comanches, are eternally handsome! Ay, an' not only that, they are generous an' kindly in their own haughty way. No! I doubt whether all the captives who cry when released are quite glad. An' there's one thing I've noted—*a durned lot of 'em are captured over agin before long!*"

THE EAST WIND.

He pierces us with shafts of steel,
Thrice-tempered blades of sleet and blast,
And as he hurries wildly past
He makes the leafless woodland reel;

Or darkens all the heaven with dun
Chill mist, that turns to ghostly night
The day, or if the skies be bright,
He sucks the warmth from out the sun.

And yet we know the buds will break
Their bondage, and the violets peer,
And in the wakening of the year
The thrush his sweet-voiced treble shake;

And southern gales on odorous wing
Will softly fan the lengthening day;
Till he, our tyrant, dies away,
Charmed into slumber by the Spring.

☞ It is not work that kills men, it is worry. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction.

☞ Pedantry crams our heads with learned lumber, and takes out our brains to make room for it.

THE BACHELOR.—A SONG.

O, a bachelor, a bachelor,
How happy he must be;
A welcome guest at ev'ry feast,
What a lucky dog is he!
Whate'er he earns to spend he learns,
For home he has no care;
The young and merry bachelor,
His home is everywhere.

Chorus—O, a bachelor, a bachelor,
How happy he must be;
A welcome guest at ev'ry feast,
What a lucky dog is he!

O, a bachelor, a bachelor,
A butterfly he roves;
Sees all the sights, stays out at nights,
And kisses whom he loves.
To ball and *rout* invited out,
A beau to ev'ry *belle*,
The pleasures of a bachelor
No tongue can ever tell.

Chorus—O, a bachelor, &c.

Spoken.—But stay, there is another side to the picture. One story is always good, they say, until another is told.

O, an old bachelor, an old bachelor,
When Age, with wrinkled face,
Comes creeping o'er him by degrees,
With slow yet steady pace;
Where are the set that once he met
An evening hour to pass?
Why, some are fled, and some are wed,
And some are gone to grass.

Chorus—Then an old bachelor, an old bachelor,
What a luckless dog is he;
When, all alone, he learns to groan
For one to make his tea.

O, an old bachelor, an old bachelor,
With age comes all his shame;
No cosy wife to bless his life,
No child to bear his name;
No welcome knows where'er he goes,
And has no place of rest;

(*Spoken.*—It serves him right; the old brute; why didn't he get married?)

In coffin hurled, he leaves the world
Unblessing and unblest.

Chorus—Then an old bachelor, an old bachelor,
How wretched he must be;
No wife to cheer, no children dear,
What a luckless old dog is he!

ONE OF THE FAMILY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LOST SIR MASSINGBERD," "CARLYON'S YEAR," &C.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

SELINA'S HOUR OF TRIUMPH.

If, after the elopement of their minister's daughter, the death of their Squire's son, and the suicide of their Squire, the good folks of Sandalthwaite had any capacity for astonishment remaining to them, a carriage-and-four dashing through their village would certainly have evoked it. And such a phenomenon did take place, upon the very day when Ernest Woodford was laid in the little churchyard, and almost at the very hour. When, indeed, the little party of mourners returned to the Hall, after having attended his obsequies, they found the said carriage at the door. The visitors it had brought had already established themselves in the dining-room; and when Mrs. Woodford, assisted on either side by Valentine and Evelyn, tottered feebly into that apartment, she found herself face to face with Selina Murphy and her son. The two women had not met for upwards of a quarter of a century; but Time, that sunders Friendship, and saps Love itself, often only improves Hatred; and so it was in this case. At the sight of her ancient enemy, the widow withdrew her arms from their supports, walked with painful steadiness (like one overcome with wine, and anxious to conceal his condition) to the nearest chair, and sat down with her face to the foe. Mrs. Murphy, in a green gown, which did not become her complexion so completely as it exhibited her contempt for the memory of the deceased Squire, remained standing with her back to the fireplace, and one hand upon the shoulder of her Woody, in a classical attitude. Valentine and Evelyn ranged themselves by Mrs. Woodford's chair; Mary Ripson and some of the domestics stood, hesitating between their respect for their superiors, and their desire to witness the impending scene, outside the open door.

"Come in—come in, all of you," exclaimed Mrs. Murphy imperiously. "And you, you lying cheat" (this compliment was addressed to the housekeeper,) "above all, for what I have to say is no secret."

"Pardon me, madam," observed Valentine gravely; "but I think you can hardly have been aware of what has recently happened in this house, and particularly of the sad nature of the transaction in which we have just been engaged."

"I am quite aware of it, Mr. Blake," returned the lady haughtily; "and I would recommend you to mind your own business—if, indeed, you have any business here at all, now that the brat of that infamous hussy" (here, by a short, sharp nod, which seemed to say: "*I* understand you, madam," she again indicated the housekeeper) "is dead and gone. I am fully informed of all that has happened; and if I had been in time for the coroner's inquest, I could have given some evidence which would have altered their verdict to Felo-de-se. If ever a man deserved to be buried at the junction of four cross-roads, with a hedge-stake through his breast, it was my brother, Ernest Woodford."

"Madam," exclaimed Valentine with indignation, "your conduct is most unbecoming and unfeeling. I cannot trust myself to express to *you*—a female—what I think of it; but I would ask your son there, Mr. Claude Woodford Murphy, to recall you to some sense of what is due, at least, to public decency."

"My ma knows precious well what she's about," observed the young gentleman appealed to, sagaciously shutting his left eye. "The game's up for all these people, I can tell you; and if you're not a fool, Blake, you'll come over at once to the right side."

"Hold your tongue, Woody!" interposed his mother sharply. "What is it to us whether Bentinck Ripson's tutor is on our side or not? However, since you seem to be the spokesman, Mr. Blake, may I ask when the late Mr. Ernest Woodford's will is to be read, for that is what we are come down here to listen to."

"He has not left a will, madam."

If intense pleasure has the power, as some contend, of making even the plainest countenance good-looking, Selina Murphy might have sat to her husband for Minerva in the "Judgment of Paris," notwithstanding her green gown.

Master Woody's mouth emitted a whistle of satisfaction, so prolonged that it might almost have proceeded from some locomotive which had received the signal. "Line all Clear."

"Or rather," continued the tutor, "he has left a will, of very recent date, and expressing, no doubt, his last intentions, but it has not been signed."

"I don't want to look at it," remarked Selina contemptuously, as the document was laid before her. "I can guess all the wrong my brother would have done, had he had the power. I suppose no one is prepared to dispute that my son is heir-at-law, *now?*"

She cast a defiant glance at the circle before her, but there was no reply.

"I think, madam, it would be but just," observed the tutor, after a long pause, "to peruse that will. I am aware, from what the late Mr. Woodford told me, of the nature of some of its contents. He intended, I know, to make some provision for a certain person, otherwise almost entirely unprovided for, but to whom he was much attached, and under great obligations; and doubtless you would wish to give effect—"

"I wish nothing of the kind," returned Selina fiercely. "If, as I suppose, you refer to Miss Evelyn Sefton, I am very glad that she is left to shift for herself.—You have been very well treated here, miss" (here she turned her malicious eyes upon her niece), "*considering that your aunt Clementina had a son and heir.* Doubtless, you were in the plot too. You were to have your share in the robbery, if the fraud had borne ripe fruit. I tell you all, *I wish it had.* I wish that the child which my sister-in-law purchased of Mary Ripson, to be passed off as her own, and did so pass off, in order to rob me and mine, were now alive; for then I would prosecute you all for a conspiracy, and lay you by the heels in jail.—I would have done that, Clementina Woodford; nay, if the law would have granted it, I would have had you whipped as well. Some of you present seem to be astonished at what I am telling you, as though it were a new thing. That may be mere pretence, or it may not; but if the plot which has been going on here for these last twenty years was unknown to you, it has been more or less plain to *me* from the beginning. When I received the letter which told me that Clementina Woodford had a son, I said to myself: 'This is a lie;' and the one object of my life from that time to this has been to find it out. I knew nothing then of how the deceit had been effected, but I knew that there had been deceit, as clearly as though I had seen it with my own eyes. For many and many a year, I waited for my opportunity, and at last it came in yonder man—Valentine Blake. I sent him down here, on the pretence of being tutor to the boy—"

Here, for the first time, Mrs. Woodford took her eyes from off her mortal foe, to fix them for a moment upon Valentine, while Evelyn hastily turned towards him an inquiring glance, but more full of pain than even of surprise. But the tutor returned the gaze of neither; he kept his face steadily fronting that of Selina Murphy, and over it was creeping slowly that cold relentless light which might have warned even her, had she been mistress of herself in that great hour of triumph.

"I sent him down here," continued she, "as the boy's tutor, but pledged to furnish me with all the details necessary for my purpose. His first letter supplied me with all I needed to corroborate my own suspicions, and to direct them aright, but not enough for legal proof. My son, here, came down in person, and gathered such evidence from one of the accomplices in this vile plot as made my position certain. Still, there was nothing for it but to wait: until my brother died, I had not been wronged, except in intention; nor could I right myself, nor punish—as I will punish yet, if public shame can do it—the wrong-doers. I was used to waiting, and with this hour in view, I could have waited for twice twenty years. But when this suppositious lad met with his end—and I am sorry for it, since it robs me of a just revenge—I wrote to Ernest Woodford, telling him what a Knave he was, and how I had known it all along, and that he had schemed for nothing, even if the boy had lived—"

"It was no scheme of Mr. Woodford's," interposed the housekeeper impulsively: "do not slander a dead man, and he your brother, Mrs. Murphy. He never knew until you told him that Bentinck Woodford was not his own son. Your letter killed him."

"I don't believe it, woman," returned Mrs. Murphy coldly. "He killed himself through baffled spite; but, nevertheless, I thank you for your admission. It will not be necessary, since you own you carried out this fraud—no matter at whose instigation—to go into the proofs: to visit the grave in which you pretended to bury your dead baby, but in whose coffin are only sticks and stones. You and your mistress are, at all events, two vile plotters—whom I wish I could punish as you deserve—and you have confederates here, no doubt. They will now be sorry for their partisanship, if not repentant for their dishonesty.—You, my brother's widow, will have what the law awards you, for your life, which, since you have no jointure, as, I believe is the case, will be Nothing. You will find it difficult, out of the income which remains to you, to reward your accomplices to their satisfaction.—You, sir"—here she cast a contemptuous glance at Valentine—"who, false to the trust reposed in you, have chosen to cast in your lot with my enemies, will leave this house the beggar that you came.—And you, Evelyn Sefton, instead of being the heiress that you counted on (and that *he* counted on also, if I am not mistaken), have fawned upon your uncle and this woman for these many years in vain, and must sooner or later get

your own living. Don't come to me for a character, that's all."

Mrs. Murphy, like the prudent Irish post-boy, had "kept a gallop for the avenue:" her last sentence was what her artist husband might have justly designated as "a characteristic specimen of her early style"—malevolent, concise, and practical.

Evelyn bending down over Mrs. Woodford's chair was whispering some soothing words into the widow's ear, but the flush upon her cheek betrayed that one at least of the barbed arrows of Mrs. Murphy's speech had struck her.

"If you have quite done, Selina Murphy, *I* should like to say something," said Valentine Blake, in clear incisive tones.

"Who are you, sir, that dare to call me by my Christian name?" returned that lady angrily.

"One that has a right to do so, being—I blush to say it—of your kith and kin. I am your nephew, Charles Woodford."

Evelyn started, uttering an inarticulate cry, and would have fallen to the ground had not Valentine caught her in his arms.

"It is false!" cried Mrs. Murphy vehemently, but her face grew deadly white, and her thin lips pinched and parched the while she spoke.

"It is true," continued Valentine stornly. "When I left this roof eighteen years ago, an exile—thanks to you—from my native land, it was to pursue a profession which I detested. You used to call me headstrong and self-willed, Aunt Selina, and perhaps you were so far right. When I got to Rio, I found the calling my uncle had chosen for me insupportable. For some time previously—again thanks to your bitter tongue—we had not been on good terms. The first letter I got from him, when I was cross the seas, and sorely needed kindness, was a stern one. There was something in it worse than sternness; but no matter; he is dead, and I have long forgiven it. I had but one friend in all the world: the faithful heart that beats against my own this moment. She was then a child, well treated by her uncle—though not by you—and to whom I could be of no further service. At that time, I by chance became acquainted with Giuseppe Garibaldi, who was about to take out letters of marque under the republic of Rio Grande, against Brazil. His rendezvous, I know, was the island of Marica, in the harbor of Rio, where my fellow-clerks and I used sometimes to boat, after office-hours. On the day before he sailed, we did so, and I contrived to slip overboard, as if by accident, swam to the island, and offered myself as a volunteer. For more than sixteen years, I was a soldier of fortune, hearing nothing of this dear one, but hoping for the best. My affection could do nought for her, I knew, and indeed it would not those against her who should have been her natural protectors: but I never forgot you, Evelyn, never, never: When I was at last free to come to England, it was you only that I had in my thoughts. There would be no one else to welcome me. But I was fully determined not to discover myself unless it was for your own good. You perhaps had mourned for your old playfellow when you thought him dead; but that grief must have passed away long, long ago. If I had found you married, it is only what I expected to do. I doubted—you will forgive me now—whether you would ever remember me at all. I was very certain that none of you would recognize me. You do not do so, I see, even now."

"I should not think," observed Mrs. Murphy, smiling scornfully, but fretfully beating her foot upon the floor. "It is just as likely that a monkey should grow up to be a bear, as that you were ever my nephew."

"On the third day, madam, after my return to England," continued Valentine, without taking any notice of this disparaging image, "I met by chance your husband, Claude Murphy. I did not even know at that time that you were a married woman. I did not know of the existence of your son, or of that of Bentinck Woodford. I cherished no ill will against you, Heaven knows. Your husband had won upon me by his pleasant, kindly manner; I was quite prepared to forget the harshness with which you had treated me of old, and even—if not for your own sake, yet for his—to be friendly and cordial. I met you at your own house that very afternoon; I partook of your hospitality."

"Serpent!" hissed Selina between her teeth.

"I saw you at your best, and, as I suppose, you wished yourself to be seen. If I had found you kind, nay, womanly—if there had been any sign of tenderness about you—I would have told you who I was, and spared you the humiliation of this moment. But I found you implacable, unmerciful, malevolent, as I left you, and even worse. If you had not—to serve your own base ends—put this tutorship into my hands, I still should have come down to Sandalthwaite; I had returned to England for that purpose; but, thanks to you, I became, under the guise of tutor to that unhappy youth, an inmate of the very house in which I had passed my boyhood."

"A hypocrite by his own showing," observed Mr. Woodford Murphy, suggesting a point for the jury.

"Nay, Mr. Fosbrook," returned the tutor coldly; "we are sometimes compelled by circumstances, as you know by experience, to use other names than our own; and as for my obtaining the situation, your mother herself procured it for me, under conditions, and those conditions I have fulfilled.—Through me, although unwillingly indeed—for I had no suspicion of the use to which she was putting my information—she learned the details of the lamentable scheme which death destroyed before it reached maturity, and fortunately before any wrong had been committed.—You have suggested, Mrs. Murphy, that I have been of late a consenting party to it; but now you know who I am, you will scarcely accuse me of joining a conspiracy the effect of which would be to disinherit myself. I knew nothing with certainty of the matter—although I do not deny I have had my suspicions for some time—until Mr. Woodford's death, after which Mary Ripson confessed all to me. Up to that time, I had never given a thought to the subject of the heirship of the Woodford estate. It did not seem to me that I had any part in the question. I was most glad, however, to learn from my employer that he intended amply to provide for Evelyn. It was not for me to run the risk of depriving her of her uncle's bounty by the offer of my penniless hand. Had he lived, and matters remained as they were, I should by this time have been in Italy, not without hope, indeed, of one day having the right to press my darling's cheek to mine, but looking to it as a bliss far off, and to be patiently waited for.—But we have loved one another, Evelyn, all along, I think; is it not so? You believe all that I have been saying, do you not? You acknowledge me to be your cousin?"

"Yes, yes, and more," returned Evelyn tenderly: always beautiful, she seemed to have re-entered her first youth, but with such a glow of happiness on her fair face as it had never worn when she was a maiden of eighteen.

"Otherwise, did you need proofs, they are here, Evy," continued Valentine. "In this pocket-book—see—I have the letter in round text which your childish fingers penned to me while I was in Rio: and in this locket, at the back of Giuseppe's portrait, there is a tress of golden hair I robbed you of at parting. It has often been as a streak of sunlight to me when clouds were darkest."

"It is easy to be deluded," observed Mrs. Murphy scornfully, "when self-interest favors our conviction. Of course, that girl will credit a story which, if true, would give her at once a lover and a fortune."

"The fox dies hard," returned Valentine quietly; "but I know by your look and tone, madam, that I have done more than persuade a willing believer—I have convinced a stubborn woman against her will. If you really, however, desire further evidence, cross-examine me concerning events that took place here in my boyhood, and see if I do not recollect them far, far better—for have I not lived upon the memory of them—than those who have dwelt upon the spot during the intervening years.—You are silent. I should have preferred such questions to come from yourself; but since you disdain to ask them, I appeal to any here who may still doubt the truth of what I say."

There was a long pause, and then, all of a sudden, an unexpected voice cried: "Kiss me, Charlie."

It was the first time Mrs. Woodford had spoken throughout the scene.

Her voice seemed to break the charm which held the rest in silence: "Master Charlie, Master Charlie!" was echoed by many a voice, and many a hand was stretched forth in honest welcome.

"Thank you, old friends, thank you," said Valentine, deeply moved.

"It seems to me, ma, you have made a precious mess of it all," muttered Woody, discontentedly. "This comes of your being so very clever. I always thought that Blake was a bad lot from the time when he was a model; but you would have it, it was all right."

"My trust was indeed misplaced," answered his mother, solemnly, "but I did it for the best. It is difficult to plumb the depths of man's depravity."

"And all the money spent for nothing," continued the prudent youth, "and the extra pair of horses that you *would* have put on for the 'triumphal entry!' Oh dear, oh dear!—Look here, Mr. Charles Woodford, if that is really your name—"

"Be silent, Woody," exclaimed his mother, authoritatively; "you shall not demean yourself by speaking to that man!"

"Pooh, pooh; *you* are a pretty one to advise folks," continued the disobedient lad. "Why, I am sure pa himself could not have mismanaged the business worse than you have done. Always know when you're beat.—Perhaps Mr. Charles will make some compromise."

Valentine (biting his lip, to repress a smile,) gravely shook his head.

"Well, then—look—you will give us some compensation for the expense we have been put to—two journeys to Sandalthwaite, and one hundred and fifty pounds paid to that scoundrel, Dr. Warton."

"No; fifty pounds," returned Valentine, quietly. "I saw you count the notes into his hand with my own eyes in Sandalthwaite church-yard."

"Let us start, ma," ejaculated Woody, despairingly; "there is nothing to be got out of a mean eaves-dropper like this." And off went mother and son in their postchaise-and-four, but by no means so triumphantly as they had come.

"There is only one person who has not shaken hands with me, nor wished me joy," observed Valentine, gravely, as the noise of the carriage-wheels died away. The whole party were still in the dining-room, for not one had stirred to speed the late parting guests.

"I am not worthy to do so: no honest man would wish to take my hand, Master Charlie," answered the housekeeper, sobbing.

"Don't you be so sure of that," returned Valentine, smiling to himself. "At all events, *I* shall take it; and since the offence committed has been against *me*—for *I*, you see, was the person whom you strove to keep out of my birthright—surely it remains with me, and nobody else, to forgive it. From this moment, let all who have any respect for Master Charlie, remember this—I do not wish to hear of it any more. Aunt Clementina,"—here, looking upon Mrs. Woodford's pained and woe-worn face, his voice sank to very tender tones—"the night before you left this house, under sad circumstances, a quarter of a century ago, you did not forget, amid your own sorrows, to think of those of others. Evelyn and I were children then—not very happy ones; and you called us to you, and bade us love one another; and you told me to grow up a soldier and a gentleman; and when I married 'my little wife,' as I used to call her then, to be sure to treat her kindly; and then you said: 'God bless you, dears.' Will you please to say so now once more."

Mrs. Woodford's lips moved feebly, but only the pair who stood beside her chair could catch her whispered speech, "I am a wicked woman, dears, and have scarcely a right to speak of God at all: but I remember the time you mention, Charlie, and what I said. I said that you two had a chance—for many men and women, alas, have not—of being all in all to one another; and you will be so—yes, I am sure you will. To see you thus, gives me what I have not known for twenty years—a moment's genuine happiness. God bless you both, my dears."

CHAPTER XL.

CONCLUSION.

The last chapter of a novel, when the future position of the principal personages has been indicated, is like the second quarter of an hour of our meeting with a home-friend after years of absence. We have learned how father and mother are, and sisters and brothers, and all the nearest and dearest to us. Excitement has abated, but it interests us still to hear how it has been faring with our less intimate friends, and even acquaintances. With the great masters of the art of story-telling, we look for the final position of the inferior characters exactly as if they were of flesh and blood; as if one should ask: "And, by-the-by, what became of old So-and-so, *you* remember, who used to live at what d'ye call it?" Now, although the present writer is by no means such a fool as some critics have endeavored to make out, he has little hope of playing this part of Chorus to an audience engrossed and attentive to the last. Some pestilent members of it, whom we have been vainly perhaps addressing as "Dear Readers" all along, are already putting on their hats and coats, now that they perceive the climax has arrived, without paying the least regard to that more discriminating portion of the assembly who wish to see our little drama played out to the end. This is discourteous, to say the least of it, to the poor playwright, who has done his best to please, and has worked very hard (though joyously) to do so for these twelve months. Sit down, we pray you, for five minutes longer, when the curtain will fall.

George Adams has married his first love. This, perhaps, does not please you; I am sorry for that, but I am only stating facts. Between ourselves, George was always a much more sentimental sort of person than his Mary, although she was so greatly addicted to romance-reading; and although her conduct in permitting her own offspring to be palmed off upon society as the heir of Dewbank Hall, offended his sense of justice exceedingly, "Master Charlie," who, as we know, had the greatest influence over him, persuaded him to overlook that. His profession (if you recollect) was that of an Overlooker. Perhaps Mary Ripson was not in need of much persuasion, but she really had considerable excuse for her share in the matter. That packet of letters which Valentine found her reading with such eager interest was the immediate cause of her second marriage. It had been found upon the dead body of her late husband, and consisted of the whole of the intercepted correspondence between herself and George. Why Miles had preserved what would have done him nothing but harm, I cannot tell, but in that he only acted as we find vicious, and especially criminal, persons continually do act. Perhaps it pleased his natural malevolence to refer to these avowals of affection, which were never (as he thought) to meet the eyes for which they were written; and doubtless they nursed his wrath against his unhappy wife, and kept it warm, when maybe his conscience needed some apology for his ill treatment of her. We have all of us reasons for what we do; but certainly Miles Ripson's wishes were not directly carried out by the falling of these interesting missives into his widow's hands. They had all the effect—nay, more than the effect—which they would have had upon her, had they just come through the post, instead of being delayed in delivery for twenty years. At eight-and-thirty she felt more in love with George Adams than ever.

After mutual explanations, diplomatically conducted by Master Charlie, the high contracting parties were married. I have said that Miles Ripson's wishes were not *directly* carried out; but scandal, which, as we have been made aware, flourishes to some extent even at Sandalthwaite, does venture to affirm that George is not so entirely the master of his own house as Miles was. He has given up his situation at the wad-mine—the locality, as may be easily imagined, being very distasteful to Mrs. Adams—and dwells at Ander Nook, where there is now another room added to the accommodations of the house, that would have made old Tyson Harrison stare more than any of his immediate successor's vagaries—namely, a library, all fiction. Mr. and Mrs. Adams are, however, a happy pair.

Mr. Wilson is still alive; the last representative, perhaps, of that race of simple English pastors such as Chaucer's verse portrays:

> Such as the heaven-taught skill of Herbert drew;
> And tender Goldsmith crowned with deathless praise.

His comely wife is still, by Sandalthwaite notation, a young woman; and their daughter Lucy has grown an obedient damsel, waiting patiently, with a prudent horror of all clandestine attachments, for the husband that her parents may provide for her. It is rumored that this favored mortal is likely to be the new curate of the parish, who has been introduced by Mr. Charles Woodford, and at his expense, to lighten her father's labors, an agreeable young divine, with the most accurate of white cravats, and a buttonless waistcoat, wherein he invests himself by means, if not miraculous, at all events unintelligible to his parishioners.

Claude Murphy still works hard at his profession, and has gained considerable reputation of late for his really beautiful flesh-colors. His paintings are of the Etty school. Having said this, it is almost unnecessary to add that he is separated from his wife. After her return from that unsuccessful expedition to Dewbank Hall, Selina's temper became absolutely unbearable, and Claude left her—with those four thousand pounds intact. At fifty-four, Claude began the world again, with little, as he himself expressed it, save a light heart and a thin pair of breeches; "but then," as he added with his pleasant smile, "it was such a novelty to be allowed to wear them." Matters would have gone rather hard with him, but for a certain seventy-five pounds which reaches him with great regularity every three months. This gratuity is anonymous, or rather in the interior of the first packet which contained them was written only these few words: "From Androclus: to be paid quarterly." He would be very welcome at Dewbank Hall to all, save one person. But while Mrs. Woodford senior is still alive, the husband of her sister-in-law—although they are not a devoted couple—can never be received under that roof. Selina still dwells in Rhadegund Street with her beloved Woody, who, it is said, comports himself towards her far from dutifully. He often remarks (by no means in confidence) that she has conducted the business of Life in a very unsatisfactory manner—"My ma" (to use his exact expression) "has behaved like an old fool."

Earnest Woodford's widow, is, as we have said, yet living, if living that can be called which does not include motion. Her limbs are paralysed, and those white plump hands (for her mere bodily health has strangely improved,) lie folded before her, which were wont to be so elegantly busy. She suffers no physical pain, and no longer touches opium; while her brain (fortunately or not for her, we dare not say) is clearer than it has been for years.

Charles and Evelyn are unremitting in their attention to her; and she always musters up a cheerful smile to welcome their presence: when her nephew comes to wish her good-night, as he does not fail to do every evening, she manages to whisper:—"Kiss me, Charlie." It is late for the poor lady to begin to love her fellow-creatures; but she has at last made a commencement with those two.

There are some very happy households in pastoral Cumberland, but it is allowed that Mr. and Mrs. Charles Woodford are the happiest couple in all the country-side. They are not a very youthful pair—the husband is thirty-six, the wife is twenty-eight—but, on the other hand, they fell in love with one another much earlier than usual. She was his "little wife," remember, twenty years ago. A union of this sort is very rare; but where two people have been acquainted from childhood as intimately as brother and sister, it seems reasonable to suppose—neither having a fault or a virtue of which the other is not cognizant—that they should understand one another better than the young folk whose engagement has been, as is usual—only of a few months' duration. They cannot, at all events, complain of being deceived. It is a great and pleasant change for the poor folks about, to get their old friend, Master Charlie, in place of the Black Squire; but Evelyn remains to them much the same, except that she has, of course, far greater opportunities for usefulness. The state of their aunt's health precludes the leaving Dewbank Hall for any prolonged period; indeed they do not wish to do so. Sandalthwaite, endeared to them by a thousand recollections of early days, is their natural home.

A few years ago, however, when the great hero of Italy, the simple Farmer of Caprera, was received in London with such a welcome as has never been paid by Englishmen even to one of their own nation, Valentine came up to town, by special agreement, to pay his loving homage to Giuseppe. That great man would, without doubt, have honored Dewbank Hall with his presence, but for circumstances with which we are all acquainted. It is not so generally known, that the first British baby to whom the hero stood godfather, by proxy, (it was just before the unhappy affair of Aspromonte,) was one Garibaldi, the infant son of Charles and Evelyn Woodford, of Sandalthwaite, Cumberland.

There is not the slightest reason for suspecting *this* time (although Selina has her doubts,) that the heir of Dewbank Hall is a supposititious child. [THE END.]

A New Galvanic Battery.

We have had in use in our laboratory a most singular looking piece of apparatus, devised by Moses G. Farmer, Esq., the well-known electrician, of this city. It is a new form of instrument for converting heat into electricity; and most satisfactorily does it perform its work. All that is necessary to put it into active operation, is to light a gas jet, and in a few moments the electrical impulses are manifested, and the battery is ready to be set to work. It deposits metals with great facility, and the development of the agent is constant and uniform so long as the heat is supplied. It resembles a "fretted porcupine" as much as anything we can compare it with. The metals employed in its construction are antimony and copper. The strips or arms of copper protrude outwards from the bars of antimony, so as to secure the cooling influence of an air current, while the gas is heating the other extremity. A portion of the heat of the flame is transformed over into electricity, thus showing the easy convertibility of one imponderable into another, and the correlation of the forces.

Here we have a battery which works without the aid of acids, or any physical agent whatever; and telegraph lines can now be worked over long distances with no other battery power than that afforded by an ordinary lamp, or jet of gas. Truly, science is progressive.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

☞ Muller and other German physiologists declare that in all probability the best portions of the Grecian literature have failed to reach us, and that upon the whole, *one-sixth* of the total result of the Hellenic activity as embodied in books, has perished utterly and forever. In a modified degree, the same may be affirmed of Roman literature.

☞ In preaching or teaching, manner determines to a considerable extent the influence exerted upon the *feelings* of the hearer. Of its power in a speaker no more striking instance can be afforded than in the celebrated speech of Edmund Burke, at the trial of Warren Hastings. The accused governor-general subsequently described the emotions excited in his own breast during that wondrous invective, in the following terms:—"For half an hour I looked up at the orator in a reverie of wonder, and during that space I actually felt myself the most culpable man on earth. But I recurred to my own bosom, and there found a consciousness which consoled me under all I heard and all I suffered."

☞ A lesson in will-making has been given by a lawyer. The last testament of the late Mr. Edward James, who was a member for Manchester, is contained in these few words: "This is my last will, dated July 20, 1858. I devise and bequeath my estate to my wife, Mary James, her heirs, executors, and administrators, and appoint her the executrix."

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The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" announce the following novelets for next year:—

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These will be accompanied by numerous short stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

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Edwin Booth has the reputation of being the wealthiest member, however, of the American theatrical corps. His season is also about thirty weeks. His average is three thousand dollars a week. His new theatre will not be finished until December. In the interval it is rumored that he will fill an engagement at Pike's Opera House, in this city.

Among the other actors who are earning good incomes are Mr. J. E. Owens, whose receipts are $1,000 a night; Mr. Barney Williams, who has already amassed a handsome fortune, and who averages $500 a week, with Mrs. Barney Williams as much more in the season; John Brougham, who makes about $800 a week; Mrs. Lander, the same. J. K. Murdock is also very wealthy. Miss Maggie Mitchell, who is always, and has been from the first, very successful, makes about $1,500 a week; Lotta, the next most successful actress, a sprightly little bit of "quicksilver," who has risen into celebrity only within the past two years, makes about $900 a week; J. S. Clarke, about the same, or possibly about $1,000; Mrs. D. P. Bowers, $500; E. L. Davenport, $500; J. W. Wallack, $500; Mr. F. S. Chanfrau, $500; Edwin Adams, $500; J. H. Hackett, $500; Miss Lucille Western, $500.—*N. Y. Post.*

☞ It was on the night of the fourteenth of April, 1865, now nearly three years ago, that the assassin conspirator, Payne, attempted to take the life of Secretary Seward. Ever since that occurrence, a military guard has been on duty about the residence of the Secretary for the protection of its inmates. Throughout the entire day and night a sentry, with loaded musket, still paces back and forth on the sidewalk in front of the mansion, and the report of his musket would bring a squad of soldiers to the spot immediately. It may be that the guard is there only for the purpose of quieting the nerves of the feminine portion of the household, but the more probable inference is, that the Secretary or his friends fear another attempt upon his life.

☞ Professor Tyndall having recently demonstrated by scientific illustrations that a smell might be felt, he now has a rival in a German doctor, who has invented an apparatus by which thunder is made visible through the object-glass of a telescope.

☞ The Saturday Review, in reference to sensational literature, says that of late years it has declined, not so much from being written down, as being written out. It no longer pleasantly excites, but where it does not disgust, it wearies.

☞ In the mosquito range of Texas, away to the south at El Paso, there is a famous ranch owned by Messrs. King & Kennedy, which is doubtless the largest stock-ranch in the world. The cattle graze out for a radius of fifty miles, and are looked after mainly by Mexican herders. The number of calves branded the past year will foot up 16,000, and the number of cattle belonging to the ranch is estimated at 100,000. There are now between 15,000 and 20,000 marketable beeves there. Besides this stock, there are also horses, mules, sheep and goats, which are almost equal in number to the horned cattle. A free hotel is kept on the ranch for the benefit of such customers, and the amount of patronage it receives is said to be as great as any hotel in Texas.

☞ The New York *Independent* asserts that the colored delegates from South Carolina were assured that any properly-elected loyal representative will be admitted into Congress without regard to his color.

Worms.

Dr. Benjamin Rush about one hundred years ago made a series of experiments upon earth worms, which he considered more nearly allied in many characteristics to those which commonly inhabit the alimentary canal of children than any other, with a view to test their power and resist the influence of those substances which might be used as worm medicines. The table containing the number of hours and minutes the worms lived when immersed in different substances fills several pages, and we have no space to print it entire, but the lesson it teaches is one not very well learned by those who have the care and treatment of children. It is this:—that these worms lived often quite as long in substances which are known as poisons and fatal to animal life, as in substances perfectly inocuous and fit for food. For instance: In watery infusion of opium they lived 11 minutes; in infusion of Carolina pink root, 33 minutes; in an infusion of tobacco, 14 minutes, and in claret wine, 10 minutes; while in a watery infusion of white arsenic they lived 2 hours. Now, all of these substances are more or less poisonous and produce injurious effects when taken into the stomach. Now the fresh juices of ripe fruits are not poisonous but wholesome, and yet, as the following figures will show, they prove even more fatal to worms than the substances mentioned above. For instance: In juice of red cherries, worms died in 6 minutes; black cherries, in 5 minutes; red currants, in 3 minutes; gooseberries, in 4 minutes; whortleberries, in 7 minutes; raspberries, in 5 minutes; plums, in 13 minutes; peaches, in 25 minutes. From these experiments Dr. Rush argued that fresh ripe fruit, of which children are very fond, "are the most speedy and effectual poisons for worms." In practice, this theory has proved correct. Those children that eat freely of good fruit have generally a much more vigorous and clean condition of the digestive canal, and worms rarely trouble them. The practice of poisoning worms by anthelmintic medicines while it may kill the creatures, also weakens the digestive apparatus, and this invites further attacks. The best treatment is one that invigorates and cleanses. Air, exercise, and wholesome food are the best worm medicines.

While on this subject we may appropriately notice a new remedy for tapeworms mentioned by Dr. G. G. Comstock, in The St. Louis Medical Investigator, which goes to prove that worms of various kinds may be removed without recourse to substances that produce poisonous and injurious effects on the body. Dr. C. says: "Some two years since, a new remedy for tapeworms was brought to the notice of some physician in Bavaria. A peasant mentioned to him having passed a tapeworm after eating cocoanut rind and the contents of the shell, and spoke of it as a certain remedy for tapeworms. Of course the medical man was skeptical, and naturally thought the enjoyment of such a pleasant tropical fruit as cocoa would rather tend to promote the growth of tænia, instead of expelling them. He however tried it, and found that it was really effectual in expelling these parasites. A notice of this fact I read in The Criminal Zeitung, and since that time I have experimented with the cocoanut in similar cases. In one case, a lady, aged fifty-two years, had been out of health for years, when at last the existence of a tapeworm was suspected. The cocoanut was prescribed and eaten freely for two days, to the exclusion of all other food. The result was the expulsion of a tapeworm fifty-four feet long. The lady enjoyed good health after this. Three other instances came to my knowledge of friends of this lady, who, hearing of effects of the cocoanut, took the same remedy and each one voided a tapeworm."

☞ A correspondent of the Kansas Farmer recommends wind mills for "the purpose of banishing those pests of the land, called 'steam mills,' which are devouring our fuel in ruinous quantities, and confiscating a fourth of our grain, and complaining that they are not making anything even at that."

☞ Ninety-one journalists fought duels in Paris during the year 1867.

☞ There are said to be very few strangers now in Rome, an unusual circumstance at this time of the year.

☞ A cotemporary announces, with editorial gravity, in large type, that "Mrs. Kemble wears still the same nobly-formed head which was so much admired when she made her first appearance at the Covent Garden Theatre, October 10, 1829." It is gratifying to know that amid all the vicissitudes of life, the disappointments, joys and absences of forty years, this lady has not lost her head. It is more than can be said of some other persons in public station.

☞ The Grand Jury of New York have recommended the establishment of a foundling asylum, to check infanticide, which prevails to a truly serious extent all over the country.

☞ Why will the emblems of America outlive those of England, France, Ireland and Scotland? Because the rose will fade, the lily droop, the shamrock wither and the thistle die, but the stars are eternal.

☞ To Boys.—"You are made to be kind, generous and magnanimous," says Horace Mann. "If there's a boy in school who has a club-foot don't let him know that you ever saw it. If there is a boy in school with ragged clothes don't talk of rags in his presence. If there's a lame boy in school, assign him some place in the play which does not require much running. If there is a dull one, help him to get his lessons."

☞ A few days ago the Pope gave a public audience to upwards of two hundred Indians, among whom were a number of English Catholics. This fair throng came for the double purpose of evincing their adhesion to the brief of October 12, 1867, relating to ladies' toilets, and of presenting the Holy Father with some valuable gifts, in testimony of their devotion. One of the ladies expressed these sentiments in a speech, to which the Pope replied in Italian, reminding his hearers that St. Peter, after his miraculous delivery from prison by an angel, found an asylum in the midst of women. He then dwelt severely on the license of the female toilet of the present day, referring to the fantastic head dresses in use, the vestments borrowed from the Pagan Chinese, and the scandalously indecent robes.

What we Love a Woman For.

Some one, speaking of a beautiful girl with enthusiasm, said he was almost in love with her, though her understanding was, by no means, brilliant. "Pooh!" said Goethe, laughing, "as if love had anything to do with understanding! We love a girl for very different things than understanding. We love her for her beauty, her youth, her mirth, her confidingness, her character, with its faults, caprices, and heaven knows what other inexpressible charms; but we do not love her understanding. Her mind we *esteem*, (if it is brilliant,) and it may greatly elevate her in our opinion; nay, more, it may enchain us when we already love. But her understanding is not that which awakens and inflames our passions."

☞ A Frenchman went into an oyster saloon for a dozen oysters; he preferred the large ones, and swallowed eleven somewhat smaller than a cheese-plate, with much relish. As the barkeeper handed him the twelfth, his eyes glistened at its magnificent proportions, for it far exceeded the largest of those already disposed of. *Bon, bon, c'est, magnifique!*" said he, rapturously; and, making prodigious effort, he succeeded in getting it down. The barkeeper watched him anxiously, and, seeing his success, exclaimed, "Waal, I guess you are the smartest feller I have seen here this long while. Why, I've had thirteen person here who tried to swallow that there oyster, and every one was obliged to give it up as a bad job!" The Frenchman's feelings may be imagined.

☞ The report that the Constitutional Convention of Arkansas had made provision in the new Constitution for female suffrage, is untrue.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been dull. About 7000 bbls sold, including superfine at $7,50@8,62½; extra $8,20@9,75; Northwest extra family at $10@10,50; XX Minnesota at $11@11,70; Penna extra family at $10,50@12; Ohio extra family at $11@12,75, and fancy brands at $13@15 ₩ bbl, according to quality. Rye Flour; 600 bbls sold, in lots, at $8,50@8,75 ₩ bbl, as to quality.

GRAIN—The receipts and stocks of Wheat continue light. About 20,000 bus sold at $2,80@2,85 for common red; $2,35@2,45 for fair to good do; $2,50@2,55 for prime, and $2,58@2,60 for choice amber, including 4000 bus of white at $2,80@3,25 ₩ bus, according to quality. Rye; 6000 bus of prime Penna sold at $1,75@1,75 ₩ bus. Corn; 20,000 bus of new Penna and Delaware yellow sold at $1,17@1,20, and 50,000 bus of Western mixed at $1,18@1,22. Oats; 25,000 bus sold at 83@85c ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—There has been less doing. Sales of Mess Pork at $25@25,50, and prime at $22,50. City packed Mess Beef—Sales are making at $24@25. 300 bbls of Beef Hams sold at $36@39 ₩ bbl. Bacon—Sales of plain and fancy canvassed hams at 17@19½c; sides at 14@15c, and shoulders at 12½@13c ₩ lb. Green Meats—600 tcs of pickled hams sold at 16½@16¾c, and 140,000 lbs of shoulders at 11@11¾c ₩ lb. Dressed Hogs are selling at 11¼@11c ₩ lb. Lard—Sales of 600 bbls and tcs at 16@16¾c ₩ lb, and kegs in small lots at 17c ₩ lb. Butter—Sales of solid packed at 14@35c, and roll at 25@44c ₩ lb, according to quality. Cheese is selling at 15½@16c ₩ lb. Eggs sell at 36@42c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been excited. About 1800 bales of Middlings sold, in lots, at 22½@25 ₩ lb for Uplands, and 25@26c ₩ lb for New Orleans.

FRUIT—Dried Apples—Sales of 8000 lbs at 7@8¼c ₩ lb. Dried Peaches—Sales of quarters at 8@9c, and 15,000 lbs of halves at 12c. Pared Peaches range at from 15@22c ₩ lb. Green Apples sell at from $5@5,50 ₩ bbl.

IRON—Pig Iron is in fair demand. Sales of Anthracite at $29@40 for No 1; $26@27 for No 2; and $34@35 ₩ ton for hard.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1400 head. The prices realized from 10¼@11 cts ₩ lb. 150 Cows brought from $45 to 70 ₩ head. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from 6¼@8cts ₩ lb. 4000 Hogs sold at from $12,50 to 13,25 ₩ 100 lbs.

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A WATCH FREE—Given gratis to any live man who will act as agent in a new, light, and honorable business paying $20 per day sure. No Gift enterprise. No humbug. Address R. MONROE KENNEDY & CO., Pittsburg, Pa. mar7-3t

WIT AND HUMOR.

How to Tell a Good Teacher.

A gentleman from Swampville was telling how many different occupations he had attempted. Among others he had tried school teaching.

"How long did you teach?" asked a bystander.

"Wal, I didn't teach long; that is, I only went to teach."

"Did you hire out?"

"Wal, I didn't hire out; I only went to hire out."

"Why did you give up?"

"Wal, I giv it up for some reason or nuther. You see I travelled into a deestrict and inquired for the trustees. Somebody said Mr. Snickles was the man I wanted to see. So I found Mr. Snickles—named my objic, interducing myself and asked what he thought about lettin me try my luck with the big boys and unruly gals in the deestrict. He wanted to know if I realy considered myself capable; and I told him I wouldn't mind his asking me a few easy questions in 'rithmetic and jography, or showing my hand writing. He said no, never mind, he could tell a good teacher by his gait.

"'Let me see you walk off a little ways,' says he, 'and I can tell jis's well's I'd heard you examined,' says he.

"He sot in the door as he spoke, and I thought he looked a little skittish; but I was consid'rable frustrated, and didn't mind much; so I turned about and walked on as smart as I know'd how. He said he'd tell me when to stop, so I kep' on tell I thought I'd gone far enough—then I s'pected s'thing was to pay, and looked round. Wal, the door was shet, and Snickles was gone!"

"Did you go back?"

"Wal, no—I didn't go back."

"Did you apply for another school?"

"Wal, no—I didn't apply for another school," said the gentleman from Swampville. "I rather judged my appearance was agin me."

"No Reasonable Offer Refused."

In the show-windows of one of our shops there was posted not many years since this placard: "No reasonable offer refused." It chanced that a very pretty maiden was a clerk in the establishment. A youth just in the tender peach-bloom period, being somewhat enamored of the fair lady, noticed the placard as he passed by, and at once rushed into the store, when the following conversation ensued:—

Youth to the fair—"I noticed your placard in the window, and thought I'd come in."

"Yes," said the lady, "glad to see you; let me sell you some goods."

"Well," said the youth, "I would like to buy some dry-goods, but I want a pretty little face in 'em. I thought as you refused no reasonable offer, I would take the best dress pattern you have, and also yourself."

"Very well," said the fair clerk, "I must stick to the text. It's a trade. Pay for the dress, and I'll throw myself into it in the bargain."

There was soon after a wedding, and the sign, "No reasonable offer refused," became quite popular among the lady clerks of the city.—*Lewiston Journal.*

Determined to Persevere.

A little four or five year old boy was seated at the table eating his dinner. A small cut of beefsteak was given him, and taking it up in his hands he resolutely endeavored to get a bite off the end of it. It being pretty tough—as beefsteak sometimes happens to be—he pulled, and jerked, and grunted at the task a little more than was consistent with modern ideas of polite dining. After a few earnest struggles all in vain, he turned to his mother with a look of mingled energy and despair, and said, through his vexation and tears, "Mamma, me's going to have a piece off this meat or pull my mout out!"

AN APOLOGY.—An old and popular Irish clergyman had a disagreement with one of his parishioners, who was an extremely refractory character of great wealth, but of low origin, vulgar habits and abusive tongue. Upon hearing from a third party that his ancestry had been spoken of disparagingly by this rich boor, the old parson, borrowing a Scriptural metaphor, exclaimed, "Why, sir, my father would not have set him with the dogs of his flock." This remark reached the ear of the nabob, who immediately repaired to the clergyman and demanded an apology. The good old man listened patiently to the ravings of his parishioner, and closed the discussion with the remark: "Did I really say that my father would not have set you with his dogs? I was wrong, sir; *I believe he would.*"

VERY POOR.—One of the unfortunate juveniles who visit the hotels and solicit pennies was asked,

"Where is your mother?"

She answered, diffidently,

"She is dead."

"Have you no father?"

"Yes, sir—but he is sick."

"What ails him?" continued the questioner.

"He has got a sore finger, sir."

"Indeed."

"Yes, sir."

"Why don't he cut it off, then?"

"Please, sir," responded the little maid, "he hain't got any money to buy a knife."

A POINT OF ORDER.—An amusing incident recently occurred in the Virginia Convention. Two artists were taking sketches of the Assembly while one of the white delegates was speaking. A colored member having discovered the artists, suddenly interrupted the speaker by saying he "rose to a point of order." The Chairman asked him to state his point of order, when he said:—"Am dis a convention, or am it a photograph gallery?" He was informed it was a convention. The speaker proceeded.

☞ A tipsy loafer mistook a globe lamp with letters on it for the queen of night. "Well," said he, "if somebody ain't stuck an advertisement on the moon!"

EDUCATION!

PAPA (improving the occasion at luncheon).—"Now, look, Harry, the circumference of this cake is equal to about three times the diameter, and—"

HARRY.—"Oh, then, Pa', let me have the c'cumf'rence for my share!!"

Another of Mr. Lincoln's Stories.

A gentleman called upon Mr. Lincoln seeking a pardon for a young surgeon in the Confederate service, who had passed clandestinely through the Union lines under mitigating circumstances, but had been arrested, tried, convicted, and sentenced to confinement during the war. After hearing the case the President said—"I cannot interfere; I must not offend Secretary ———." "That cannot happen," said the petitioner; "Secretary ——— has not been requested to give the pardon. I have preferred to make the application to the President, who listens patiently, which Secretary ——— will not always do." "Perhaps," said Mr. Lincoln, "there is that difference between the secretary and myself; and it recalls a story told to me by Sweat, of Maine:—A man in his neighborhood had a small bull-terrier that could whip all the dogs of the neighborhood. The owner of a large dog which the terrier had whipped asked the owner of the terrier how it happened that the terrier whipped every dog he encountered? 'That,' said the owner of the terrier, 'is no mystery to me; your dog and other dogs get half through a fight before they are really warmed up to their work; now, *my dog is always mad!*'"

Parisian Dining Customs.

The mode of furnishing meals in Paris is peculiar. When you rise in the morning a servant brings to your room a pot of coffee and hot milk, with bread and butter. The coffee is the best you ever drank, and the bread the best you ever ate. The butter is not salted; made fresh every morning; but if you wish salt, as all Americans do, it is brought. How sweet the bread!—retaining all the natural sweetness of the wheat. It is baked in loaves sometimes *two yards long*, but only three or four inches in diameter, and is always sold by weight. Usually two such loaves are baked together, being joined at the sides. The bread is thoroughly baked through, and the particles fixed so that it will not (like much of our bread) turn to dough in the stomach. Many small loaves are made, but the general shape preserved. Your breakfast you take at from eleven to twelve o'clock, when you go to the dining-room and order what you wish—beefsteak, eggs, coffee, etc.—and it is quickly cooked for Dinner is taken at six o'clock, when all the boarders meet and sit down to a general table (I am speaking of boarding-houses.) There is no bill of fare, but one course after another is brought on—usually five or six courses. A full bottle of wine is furnished, without extra charge, for every two persons. Every one drinks it (claret), and in any reasonable quantity it does not intoxicate. I have not seen a dranken man in Paris for the past three months. All drink wine, and it seems to satisfy, yet creates no morbid appetite, like strong liquor.—*Corres. Boston Transcript.*

"Rubbers," "Gums," "Overshoes."

Prof. Whitney mentions, as one of his many illustrations of the historical character of word-making, that we put on a "pair of *rubbers*," because, when caoutchouc was first brought to us, we could find no better use for it than the rubbing out of pencil-marks. But overshoes of this material are not universally called "rubbers." In Philadelphia, with a reference to the nature of the substance of which they are made, they are called "gums." A Philadelphia gentleman and his wife coming to spend the evening at a house where they were very much at home, he entered the parlor alone, and to the question, "Why, where is Emily?" answered, "O, Emily is outside, cleaning her gums upon the mat;" whereupon there was a momentary look of astonishment and then a peal of laughter. Now, there is no need whatever of the use of either of the poor words *rubbers* or *gums* in this sense. The proper word is simply *overshoes*, which expresses all that there is occasion to tell, except to a manufacturer or a salesman. There is neither necessity nor propriety in our going into the question of the fabric of what we wear for the protection of our feet, and of saying that a lady is rubbing her rubbers or cleaning her gums upon the mat; no more than there is in our saying that a gentleman is brushing his wool (meaning his coat,) or blowing his nose upon his linen (meaning his pocket-handkerchief.)—*Galaxy.*

☞ A letter sent to the London post-office, directed "Mr. Owl O'Neil," found its owner in Sir Rowland Hill.

AGRICULTURAL.

The Proper Time for Selling.

Farmers generally, do not give enough attention to raising large crops, and too much to obtaining large prices. In fact many devote most of their thoughts to the latter. Some of the best managers, on the other hand, have adopted this simple rule, to sell as soon as they are ready—and they receive as much in the long run, as those who spend days of anxious inquiry and nights of sleepless thought, on the best mode of getting an additional cent on the bushel. One of them remarked to us recently—"When I was young and in debt, I was compelled to sell my grain and wool without delay, in order to meet my payments; but since I have got out of debt, I often keep them for months, in order to receive higher prices. I find in the average of years, that I did better than than now I run the risk of losing by rats, lose something by weight in drying, lose still more in interest, and have all the risk and trouble of storage." We well knew two neighbors, each of whom had a crop of wheat. Neighbor A. said that he intended to sell as soon as the price reached $1.75, which it did in a few days, and he sold. Neighbor B. said to him, "You have sold too soon—wheat's goin' up. I am goin' to have $2 for mine." A. replied, "I think $1.75 enough—it pays me well, and I would not lie awake nights for a month, anxious to know what the price will be, for the difference of a quarter on a bushel." It continued to rise, but did not come up to $2, and B. kept his crop over till the next year, when he sold it for $1.25.

There is an unaccountable expectation with many that they may sell exactly at the very highest figure, which requires a degree of shrewdness and foreknowledge which no mortal can possess. If they make a mistake as they call it, and sell anywhere below the highest point, they are dissatisfied—consider themselves imposed on—cheated—and resolve not to be served so again by selling too soon. They are better satisfied with a greater mistake, by keeping their crops too long. A single error in selling early, generally leads to about five errors in selling late. This accounts for the strange "holding on" often practiced in farming districts. We had a fine specimen of it last autumn. Farmers would not sell, and boatmen remained idle till nearly winter. Then sales were effected in a hurry, boats were loaded in a hurry—all of which did not prevent the immense loss occasioned by millions of bushels being hopelessly frozen in the canal.

Farmers are hard to satisfy. Many years ago wheat ran up for a short time to $2. A purchaser wishing to obtain some very fine seed wheat, offered the farmer $2.25—which, exciting his suspicions and increasing his rapacity, he refused—to sell the next year at half price. It seems that the higher rates advance, the more dissatisfied many become. We can well remember when the standard price for wheat in Western New York, was three shillings, (37½c.) per bushel—some was actually sold for one shilling. Now that the price is two dollars and a half or more, we find owners as much dissatisfied as ever. This dissatisfaction induces them to hold out against their own interest, as already shown. We should be glad if some of our readers would keep a record for the next ten years, embracing the following points: On one side place the price of grain on the first of October; on the other, the price on the first of May, deducting from the latter, the waste by keeping, rats, weevil, &c., the shrinkage by drying, the trouble and cost of storage, and the interest on the whole—then observe on which side the greatest amount of profit is found? We have no doubt the experiment would prove a useful one, and show the propriety of selling when there is a fair demand in market.—*Country Gentleman.*

Farmers' Clubs.

The Eastern family that locates on a Western prairie needs advice and sympathy. Everything is new—the climate, the soil, the vegetables and the animals. The sun, moon and stars have a Western look. Even the wind that whistles around the cabin has its peculiarities. The neighbors may greet such a family with much cordiality, but still how lonesome they often feel!

Here is a grand field for a farmers' club, and we are glad to know that at least one such association improves it well. A correspondent informs us that the Farmers' Club of Goodhue, Minnesota, furnishes each new settler with garden seeds, currant and gooseberry bushes, strawberry plants for a large garden bed, one vine each of the Concord and Hartford prolific grapes, with a lot of grape wood of several varieties. If unable to procure his seed wheat, potatoes, corn, oats, &c., he is furnished with them and then pays for them from the proceeds of his second crop. He has access to the library and reading room.

From statistics collected by this club, it appears that while the average yield of wheat for the whole State is put at thirteen bushels per acre, the average of this settlement, which has 7,640 acres under cultivation was 19.8 bushels per acre, the past year, on old ground. They raised 148,040 bushels of grain this last season. With harvest hands at $4 per day, $3.50 for team work, $2 per bushel for seed wheat, 12c. per bushel for hauling to market, 7c. per bushel for threshing, besides "finding" or keeping teams and men, and our own work at $2 per day, our field account, says our correspondent, shows a net profit of $14 per acre. Large farm houses, commodious barns, cattle sheds, substantial granaries and outbuildings, well cultivated fields, good fences, well built school houses, three churches, tell of the fruitfulness of our soil.—*New England Farmer.*

Early Plants.

Make a hot-bed in March, or scoop out turnips, fill them with rich soil, and sow seeds in them. Of course they must be put in a warm place and kept properly moistened. Fill any box—one that raisins, or starch, or salt came in—with rich soil, thoroughly mixed with fine manure, and sow tomato or other seeds on it. Set it in the kitchen, keep it properly moistened—not too wet—and where it will have the sun a portion of the day. Almost any quantity of plants that a farmer may need, may be secured in this way. Thin so that they may have plenty of room, and when two inches high transplant and set still wider apart; at four or five inches high transplant again. This will cause the plants to grow stocky and strong, instead of tall and slender. If transplanted with care, even a third time, they will be all the better for it.

The best soil is a sandy loam, made rich by manure that is old and well rotted. Sow at different periods so as to have plants coming in succession; then if some fail, those coming may take their places. These are mere suggestion; practice will enable you to succeed in obtaining what you want.—*New England Farmer.*

RECEIPTS.

A NICE BREAKFAST RELISH.—Chip some smoked beef, and drop into boiling water to soften. Let it lie ten minutes, and then put it into a skillet with a little boiling water, and stir gently for twenty minutes. Pour off the water, put in a little butter, and some pepper, and pour in a half a teacup of cream, five minutes before taking from the fire.

WESTPHALIAN POTATO PANCAKES.—Skin and scrape large, raw, mealy potatoes; mix them with some salt, and put to each plateful one egg; beat well, and, if necessary, add a little milk. Put two tablespoonfuls of this into a pan, and fry them in butter or lard over a brisk fire, browning them on both sides. They should be crisp, and served very hot. Chopped onion with the scraped potatoes much improves the taste.

POTATOES FRIED WHOLE.—When nearly boiled enough, put small potatoes into a stewpan with butter, or beef dripping; shake them about to prevent burning, till they are brown and crisp; drain them from the fat. It will be an improvement if they are floured and dipped in the yolk of an egg, and then rolled in finely sifted bread-crumbs. This is the ordinary French method.

FRENCH OMELETS.—OMELETTES AUX FINES HERBES.—Break eight eggs in a stewpan, to which add a teaspoonful of very finely chopped eschalots, one of chopped parsley, a half one of salt, a pinch of pepper, and three large tablespoonfuls of cream; beat them well together, then put two ounces of butter in an omelet pan, stand it over a sharp fire, and, as soon as the butter is sufficiently hot, pour in the eggs; stir them round quickly until delicately set, shake the pan round, then leave it a moment to color the omelet, hold the pan in a slanting position, turn it on to your dish and serve it immediately. It must not be too much done.

OMELETTE ORDINAIRE.—Beat the yolks and the whites of four eggs together, with a tablespoonful of milk, and a little salt and pepper, and fry as above directed.

OMELETTE SUCREE.—The same as the above, on which, however, powdered sugar is to be strewed, and cross-marks afterward made over it with a hot iron.

TO MAKE a potato salad, the potatoes must be boiled and cold, cut in slices, with salt, pepper, oil, and vinegar, and a little parsley, and just move them gently round. We can also slice beef which has been boiled in broth, and take the same dressing, only adding mustard.

PICKLE OYSTERS.—Let them be opened carefully, and keep all their liquor; wash them in it and then strain it. Give the oysters one boil with their own liquor and a little mace; pour them into a pan and cover them close. When cold, drain off the liquor and boil it with a little white wine, whole white pepper and salt. When the oysters are put in a crock, pour it over them and keep them from the air.

TO PURIFY WATER.—A tablespoonful of pulverized alum sprinkled into a hogshead of water (the water stirred at the same time) will, after a few hours, by precipitating to the bottom the impure particles, so purify it, that it will be found to possess nearly all the freshness and clearness of the finest spring water. A pailful, containing four gallons, may be thoroughly purified by a single teaspoonful of the alum.

CEMENT FOR GLASS.—An excellent cement for uniting broken glass may be made by dissolving in a pipkin over the fire (taking especial care that it does not boil over,) one ounce of isinglass in two wineglasses of spirits of wine. This will be a transparent glue.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 34 letters.
My 1, 11, 19, 13, 14, is one of the points of the compass.
My 2, 20, 7, 13, is a figure.
My 3, 15, 17, 27, is an article of food.
My 4, 17, 34, 2, 12, 21, 22, 23, is a day of the week.
My 5, 32, 12, 27, is a grain.
My 6, 16, 16, 13, is very desirable after a journey.
My 7, 18, is a preposition.
My 8, 19, 33, 34, is a figure of the head and shoulders.
My 9, 17, 13, is what we all must do to live.
My 10, 19, 27, is what we all enjoy.
My 11, 22, 20, is used by boatmen.
My 12, 17, 10, 18, 15, 12, is used in buildings.
My 13, 11, 9, is a part of man.
My 14, 26, 17, 25, 9, 27, is spoken of in the Bible.
My 21, 22, 23, is a period of time.
My 24, 25, 15, 20, 20, 9, 34, is a man's name.
My 28, is one of the vowels.
My 30, 20, 13, is to procure.
My 31, 24, 27, is an article of great value.

My whole is something which all should do. M. J. B. BROOKS.

Sinnemahoning, Jan. 22, 1868.

Enigma.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 25 letters.
My 14, 7, 20, 2, is a narrow passage.
My 13, 15, 16, 17, is a part of the body.
My 1, 9, 23, 18, is a measure.
My 6, 19, 4, 10, 25, is a fruit.
My 3, 15, 21, is an animal.
My 10, 5, 19, is a grain.
My 12, 21, 11, 24, 2, is a prop.
My 21, 22, 10, 8, 10, 5, is a fowl.

My whole is the name and address of a reader of the "Saturday Evening Post."

February 3, 1868.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are two numbers whose product is 300, and the difference of their cubes is 37 times the cube of their difference. What are the numbers?

W. H. MORROW.

Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Algebraic Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two men, A and B, bought 300 acres of land for $12,000—of which A paid $6,000, and B $6,000. For certain reasons they agreed to divide the land so that B should pay $15 per acre more than A. How much land did each man get—and what did he pay per acre? A. G. COOK.

Salem, Ohio.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ Judy asks, Why is an "heir-apparent" to a throne like an umbrella in dry weather? Ans.—Because he's ready for the next reign.

☞ Why would Venus descending from Olympus be like a liberal husband? Ans.—Because she would come down handsome.

☞ Why is a goose like a cow's tail? Ans.—Because they both grow down.

☞ What religious sect should make the best gardeners. Ans.—Bhudd-ists of the Flowery Land.

☞ Why is a son who objects to his mother's second marriage, like an exhausted pedestrian? Ans.—Because he can't go a step father.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—"The isle of Man." RIDDLE—Leap Year.

A Singular Language.

It seems there is an economy in language of which we spendthrifts who speak English have no knowledge. Prof. Max. Muller, the great philologist, says that in the Chinese, the Annamitic, and likewise in the Siamese and Burmese languages, one single sound does duty for a great variety of meanings. "Thus," he says, in "Annamitic, 'ba,' pronounced with the grave accent, means a lady or an ancestor; pronounced with a sharp accent, it means the favorite of a prince; pronounced with the semi-grave accent, it means what has been thrown away; pronounced with the grave circumflex, it means what is left of a fruit after the juice has been squeezed out; pronounced with no accent, it means three; pronounced with the ascending or interrogative accent, it means a box on the ear. Thus,

Ba, Bà, Bá, Bã,

is said to mean, if properly pronounced, 'Three ladies gave a box on the ear to the favorite of the prince.'" Who would believe that so much could be said with one syllable! The childish ditty about "Ba, ba, black sheep," will hereafter have a new significance. People who are economical of their words should study Annamitic, by all means.

Whistling Girls.

Notwithstanding the old proverb, a writer steps forward to defend whistling girls in this independent fashion:—"Show me the girl who has the hardihood to whistle in these days, when everything natural, even to the very hair of your head, is at a discount, and I'll show you a girl who can be depended upon, one who will not fail you in time of need, and will give you the true, hearty grasp, the cordial handshake, the warm, genuine welcome; no tip of the kid glove and a cold 'how do you do?' who can brave danger, look toil in the face without shrinking, laugh with those that laugh, and weep with those that weep; as well as whistle with those that whistle; who can, in short, take the world as she finds it, rough and rugged, and not go through life as though she were walking on eggs and afraid of cracking a shell; who deals in substance, not shadow."